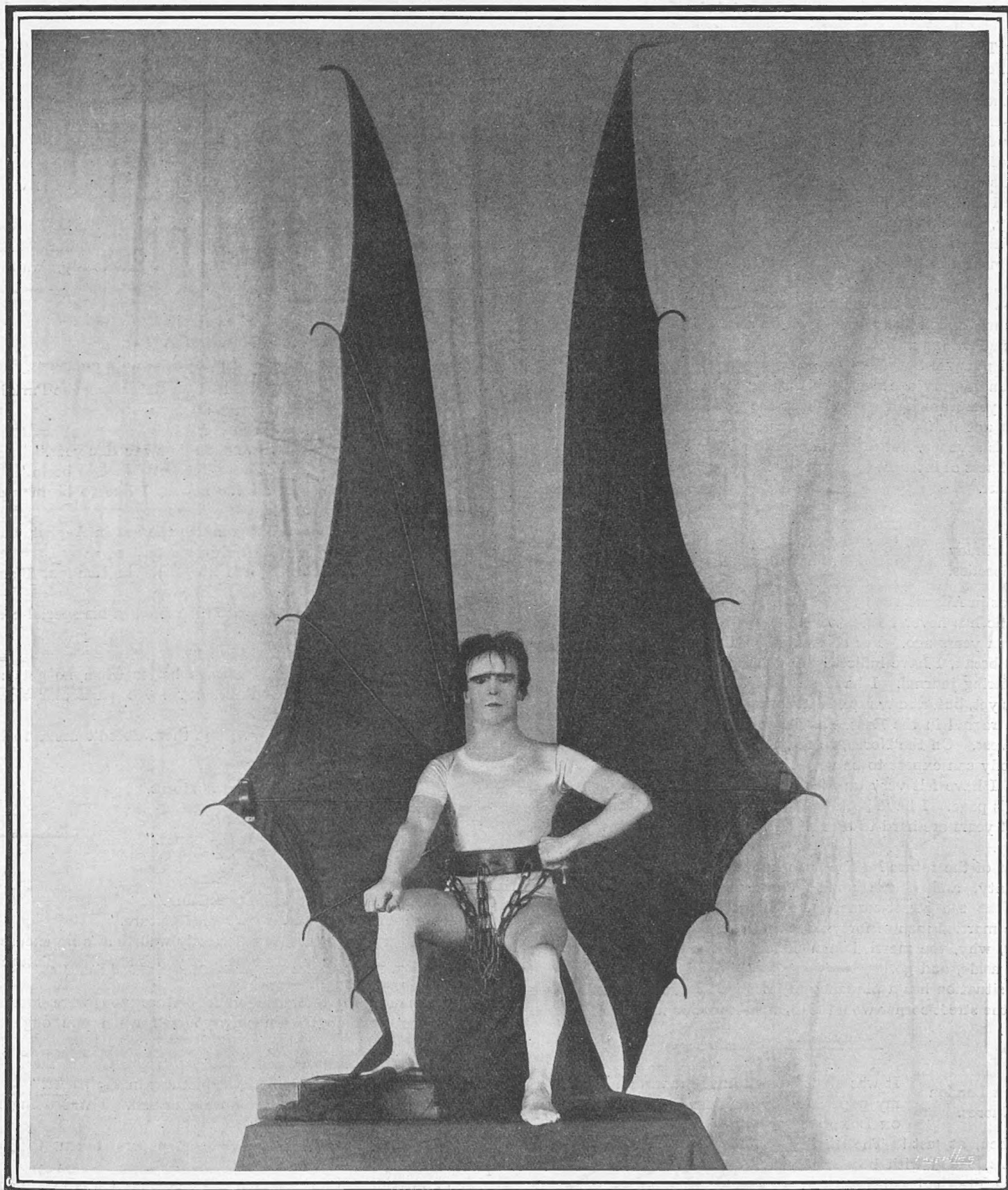


The Sketch

No. 1167.—Vol. XC.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 9, 1915.

SIXPENCE.



MR. MARTIN HARVEY PLAYING THE DEVIL: THE FAMOUS ACTOR AS A DORÉ-ESQUE SATAN,
IN "ARMAGEDDON," AT THE NEW THEATRE.

The versatility of Mr. Martin Harvey is proverbial, and in Mr. Stephen Phillips's extraordinary new play he is seen in three strongly contrasted characters—Satan, in Hell, with a curious pair of practicable black wings; a British commander; and a French Abbé. As will be judged from our photograph, Mr. Harvey leaves nothing

undone that could add to the weird and uncanny aspect of his Satan, and the contrasts of the three rôles are as well embodied as they are emphatic. The new play at the New Theatre adds a brand-new Satan to the gallery of sinister dramatic portraits.—[Photograph by C.N.]

"THE SKETCH" SUMMER NUMBER.

The next issue of "The Sketch," which will be dated June 16, will be the Summer Number, and, as ever, light and bright. Included in the coloured pictures are works by Raphael Kirehner, whose painting, "A Duck's Egg," aroused such an enormous amount of interest; Lawson Wood; Brunelleschi; Fabiano; Barribal; A. K. Macdonald; Lou Mayer, and others. You should order your copy, or copies, at once, as the demand is certain to be very great. The price is One Shilling.

MOTLEY NOTES.

By KEBLE HOWARD ("Chicot.")

On Turning Forty.

By the time this issue of *The Sketch* is in your hands, friend the reader (on June 8, to be precise), I shall have attained—always supposing that the Zeppelins and other charming devices of our age so will it—the tremendously important age of forty.

How does it feel to be forty? Let me anticipate by one week. Does it fill one with vain regrets? Does it bring with it a sensation of fatness, rotundity, comic protuberance? I must confess that I don't feel in the least like the humorous uncle of the funny papers.

Forty, in point of fact, is the dog with the bad name. Certain peculiarities have been assigned to the age of forty, and forty feels that it must live up to them. Forty has a fat sound, and forty, therefore, tries to behave in a fat way. Forty has an important sound—a "stake-in-the-country" sound, and forty, accordingly, endeavours to look like a person with a stake in the country. Forty has a dull sound; behold forty shunning youthful society and youthful pursuits!

Personally, my one regret on turning forty will be that the good working years are half gone, whilst the good work that one hoped to do is not half done. True, a man's education is not complete until he is seventy, but few men of seventy have the energy of body and freshness of intellect to turn their laboriously acquired knowledge to account.

Birthday Liberties.

One was always allowed certain little liberties on one's birthday; I propose, therefore, to look back a little.

It was in August 1899 that I joined the staff of this journal. My arithmetic has never been a strong point, but that seems to be just on sixteen years ago. For sixteen years, therefore, without a single merciful break, I have inflicted my comments on the readers of this long-suffering journal. I have not had the fullest opportunities for travel as yet, but, at any rate, I have despatched my "Motley Notes" from Petrograd in the East, Tangier in the South, and Los Angeles in the West. On the North, so far, I am bounded by Sweden.

Nobody can expect to be perfectly well for sixteen years. Occasionally, I have felt very unwilling, physically, to sit up in bed and write this page. I have been forbidden by doctors to do so, but the habits of years are hard to break. Besides, it is better to work than to worry.

What of the future? The gods know. We are all in a state of uncertainty, and if the young unmarried men have important business at the street-corners, and Lord Kitchener really thinks that the married men of forty have no business anywhere but in the trenches, why, the married man of forty must shove his work and his wife aside, and go.

The situation has a piquancy of its own. I suppose some young hero of the street-corner would leap, with a joyous whoop, into these columns.

When London Snores.

It was eight o'clock in the morning. I opened my paper sleepily, and read, "ZEPPELIN RAID ON LONDON," or words to that effect. It had come, then, at last! The mighty engines of destruction, floating cathedrals loaded with bombs and guns and shrapnel and daggers and dynamite, had sailed through the night from hostile Germany and attacked the great City of London. And here was I, after picturing the scenes in the streets a hundred times, sleepily reading about the great affair at eight o'clock in the morning.

I sprang up and rushed to the window. The people of London passed to and fro upon their business. The 'buses rumbled, and

the taxis tooted, and the errand-boys playfully beat each other with their baskets (containing, I suppose, provisions for some innocent housekeeper), and the policemen displayed their nice gloves, and the housemaids ogled the soldiers, and the soldiers slapped themselves with little canes, and the officers on horse-back curvetted into the Park, and the express-delivery men picked their teeth and yawned. Did they, one wondered, realise that they had been raided? Did they realise that they might have been the victims of those bombs from the sky?

Oh, my dear London, you are quite impossible! The only incident that ever affects your normal aspect is the coming of Sunday, and then you stand about, rather self-consciously, waiting for Monday.

I. THE MORNING AFTER.

Air-Raid Conversations.

"Isn't it a lovely morning!"

"Beautiful! I've never seen the Park looking more attractive!"

"Are you staying in town long?"

"Oh, yes. I don't think we shall go away this year."

"As a matter of fact, it's quite the best place to be in."

"Oh, quite. One gets all the news. I like to be in the heart of things."

"I know. We thought of going to the sea in August, but they tell me it's dreadfully crowded everywhere."

"Sure to be. After all, it's no hotter in London, I suppose, than elsewhere?"

"Oh, no. And Harold's quite interested in his special-constable work."

"Doesn't he find it very tiring?"

"I don't think so. He's always better when he gets regular exercise and plenty of fresh air. . . . No particular news this morning, is there?"

"I haven't seen a paper yet, but there doesn't seem to be any Good-bye, dear."

II. IN THE HOME.

"What are you doing, Helen?"

"Looking at the pictures in the paper."

"That's very naughty of you."

"Why is it?"

"Because you ought to be practising."

"But I was looking at a very good picture."

"Don't argue. You know perfectly well that's no excuse."

"Well, I think it ought to be. If you knew what picture I was looking at—"

"It makes no difference what picture you were looking at. You've no right to be amusing yourself when you ought to be practising."

"I wasn't amusing myself."

"You said you were looking at pictures in the paper."

"So I was, but I wasn't amusing myself. I was doing myself good."

"Indeed? Since when have the papers taken to printing pictures to do little girls good?"

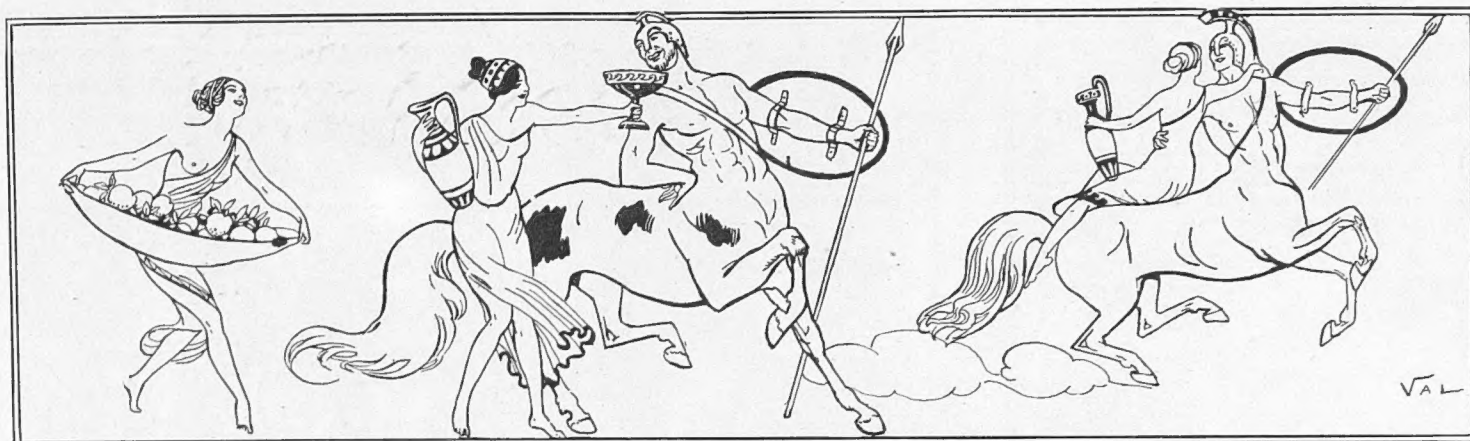
"Oh, they often do. Shall I tell you what I was looking at?"

"No, thank you."

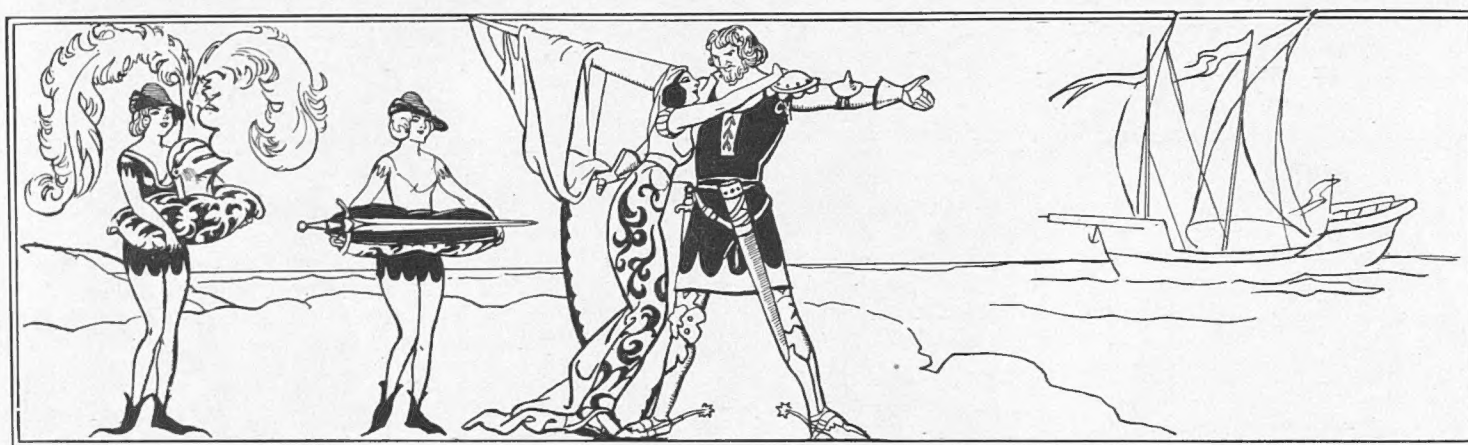
"Well, all the same, I shall. I was looking at a photograph of the Bishop of London."

"Oh. . . . Well, now go and practise, or else you shan't see the pretty Zeppelins to-night."

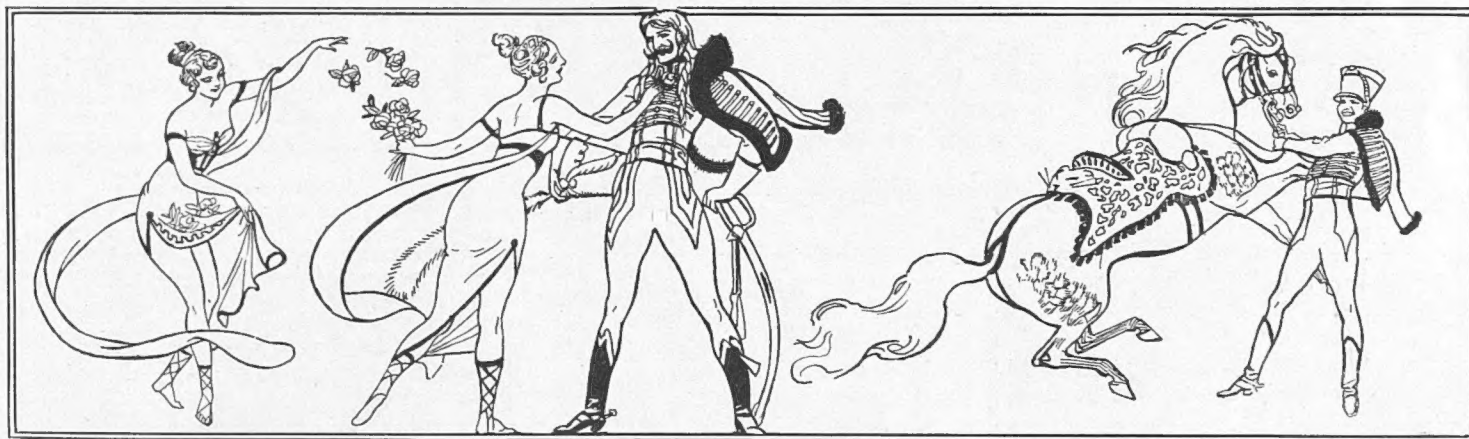
VANITIES OF VALDÉS: THE WARRIOR GOES TO WAR.



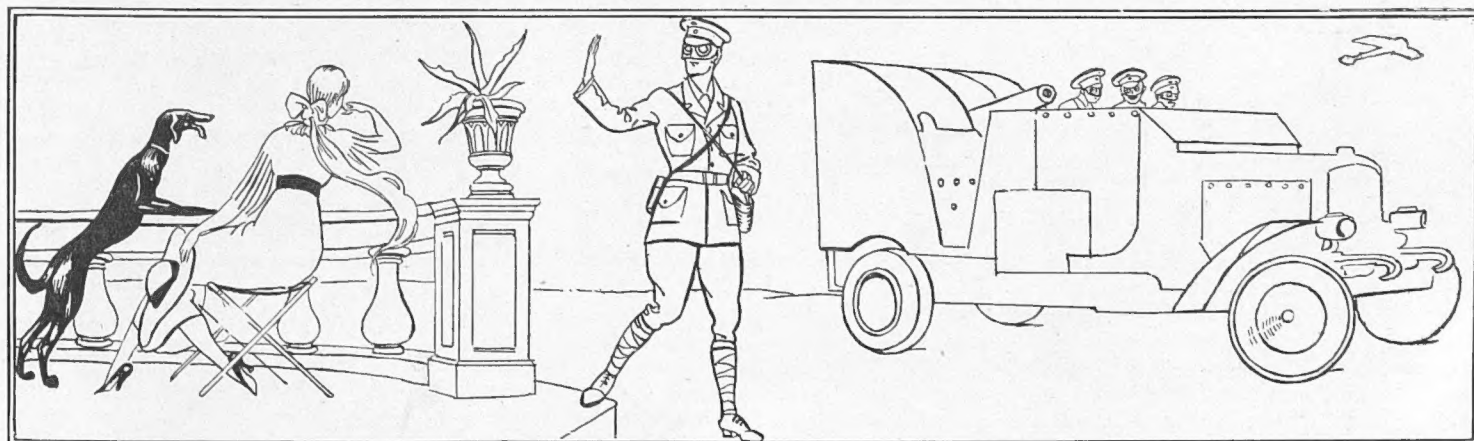
WOMEN AND WINE: IN THE DAYS OF THE LEGENDS.



WOMAN AND EMBRACES: IN THE MIDDLE AGES.

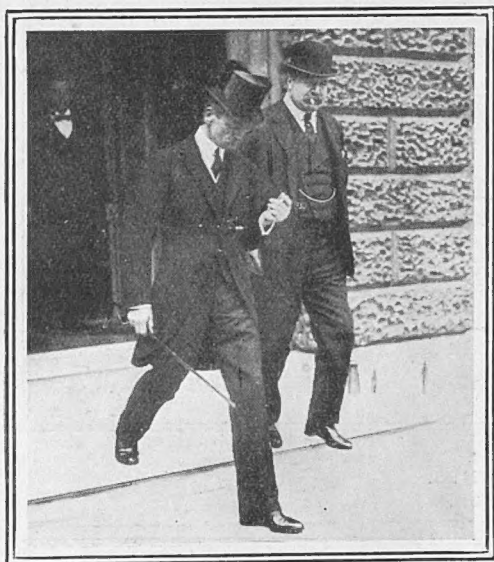


MERVEILLEUSES AND FAVOURS: IN NAPOLEONIC DAYS.



KISS OF THE HAND: IN THE DAYS OF THE GREAT WAR.

DERBYLESS DERBY DAY! THE JOCKEY CLUB—AT DERBY HOUSE.



LORD DURHAM (LEFT) AND LORD DERBY.



MR. LEOPOLD DE ROTHSCHILD.



THE DUKE OF RICHMOND AND GORDON (LEFT).



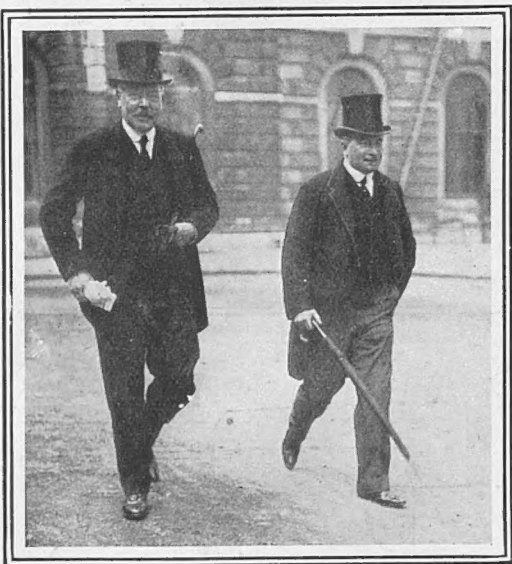
VISCOUNT DOWNE.



LORD LONSDALE (RIGHT) WAITING FOR MR. CHAPLIN.



MR. WEATHERBY.



SIR JOHN THURSBY AND CAPTAIN GREER (STEWARDS).



MR. F. W. LAMBTON.



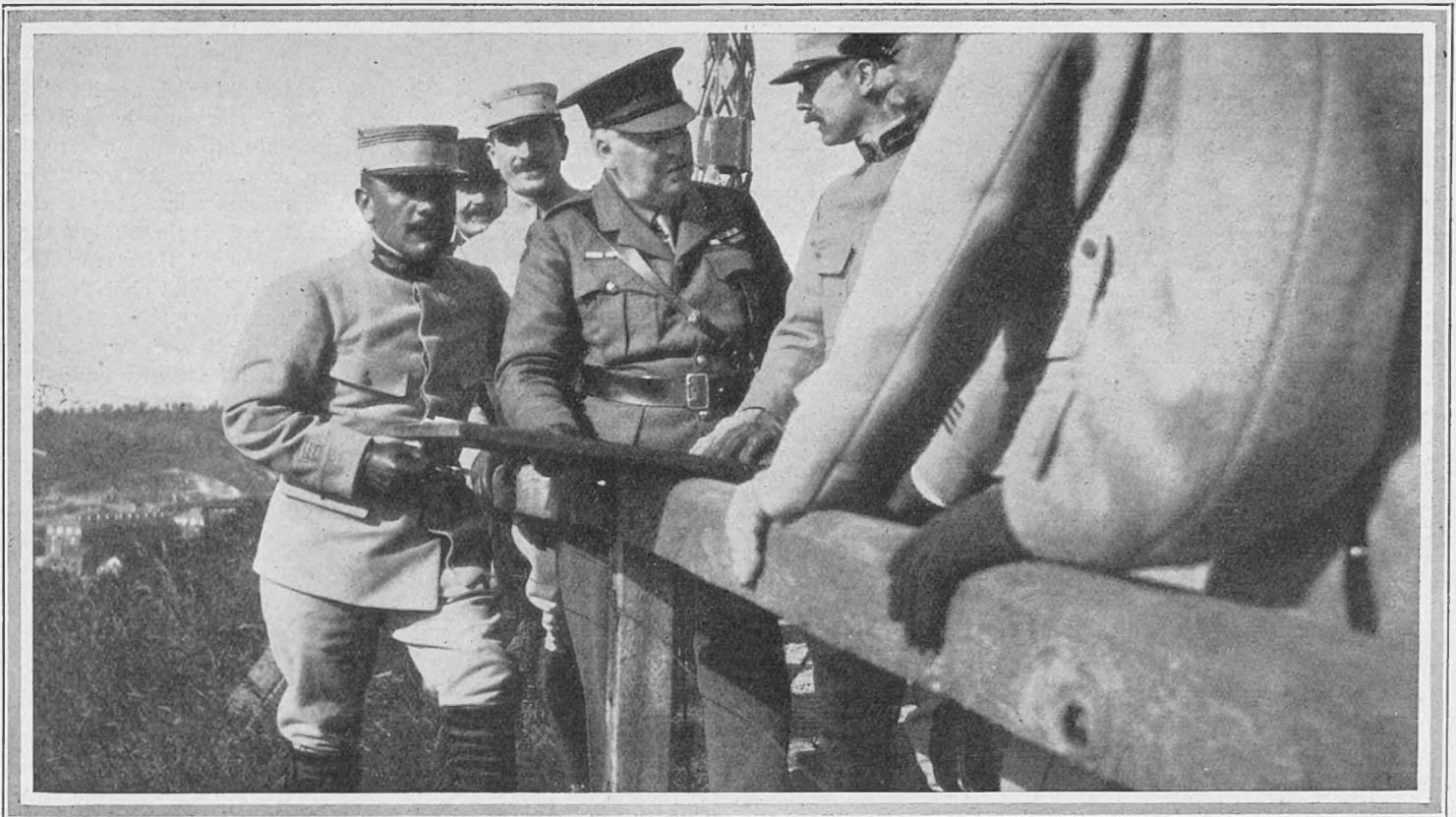
SIR ROBERT JARDINE (LEFT).

Instead of being as usual on Epsom Downs on Derby Day, the Stewards and several well-known members of the Jockey Club observed the day last week by holding an extraordinary meeting of the Jockey Club in London, at Derby House, Stratford Place. The principal business was the Stewards' statement in regard to the Government's request

that racing should be suspended everywhere except at Newmarket, the action of the Stewards in immediately complying being unanimously approved. Captain Greer announced the temporary withdrawal from the Stewardship of Lord Villiers, and the acceptance by Mr. Arthur James of the request to fill the vacancy.

Photographs by Topical.

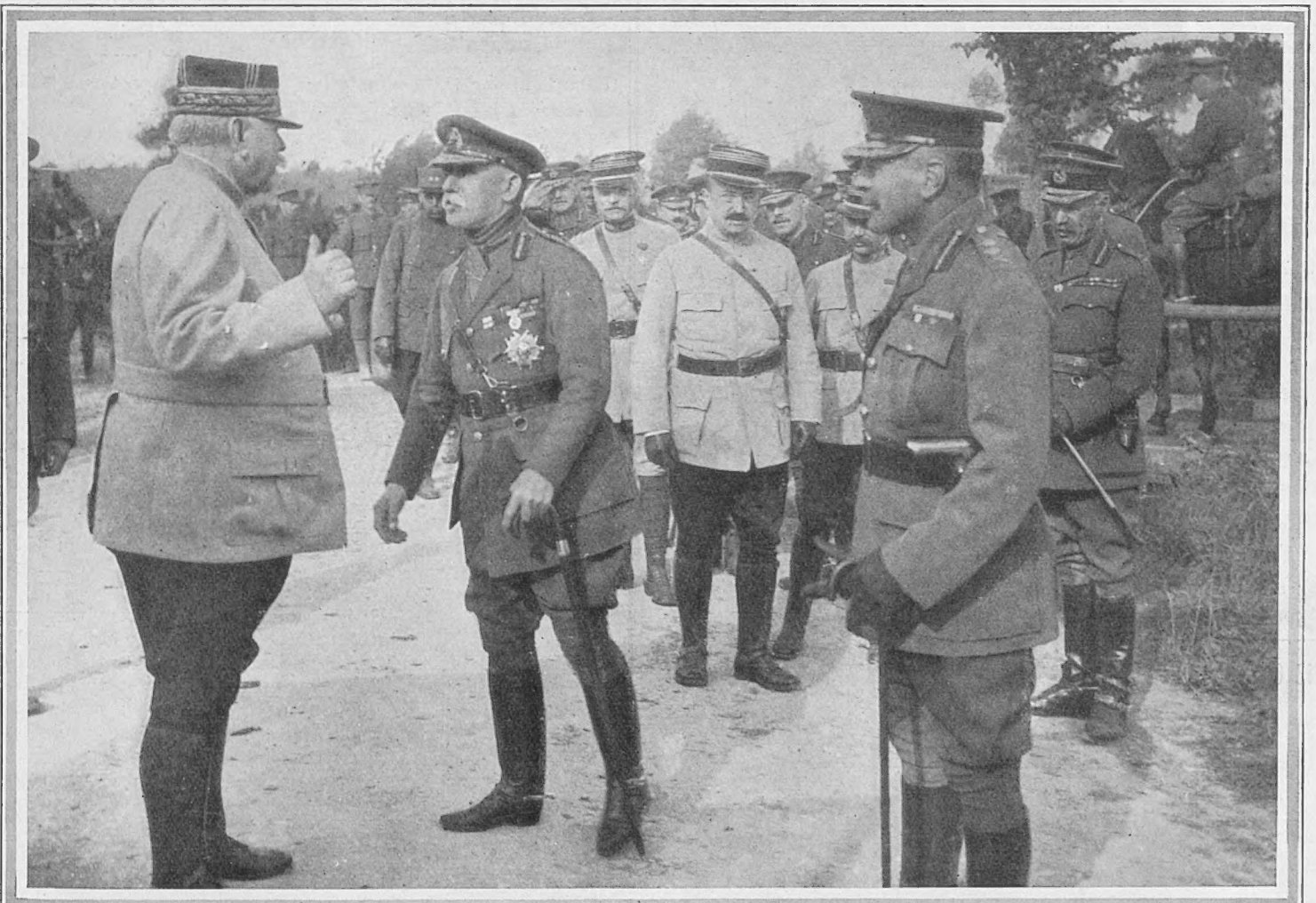
THREE STRENUOUS MEN: JOFFRE, FRENCH, AND BERESFORD.



LORD CHARLES BERESFORD ON HIS TOUR OF INSPECTION AT THE FRONT, DURING WHICH HE NARROWLY ESCAPED BOMBS FROM A TAUBE :
THE GALLANT ADMIRAL IN KHAKI, WITH A PARTY OF FRENCH OFFICERS.

Lord Charles Beresford recently visited the front on a tour as President and Inspector of the British Ambulance Committee. His journey included a week's motor tour on the French eastern lines, including those in Alsace. On one occasion after a parade, being called upon for a speech, he made a very short one, which was much appreciated and went all down the line. "Now I've seen your Alpine Chasseurs," he said, "all

I can say is, *Pauvres Boches!*" Interviewed in Paris afterwards, he remarked: "This is an artillery war. Where we have 1000 we ought to have 5000 guns. . . . At one place the Germans sent a Taube to bombard my house. It missed, and killed a poor woman a few doors away. The same night, after I left, they made a second attempt." Lord Charles expressed unbounded admiration for the splendid French Army.



IF "PÈRE JOFFRE," WHY NOT "FATHER FRENCH"? THE TWO GREAT COMMANDERS-IN-CHIEF OF THE ALLIES IN THE WEST EXCHANGING VIEWS
"SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE, OR FLANDERS."

Both General Joffre and Sir John French, as is well known, are idolised by their troops. Each is regarded as a father to his men, and the French Generalissimo, indeed, is affectionately known as "Père Joffre." In our photograph he is seen on the left talking to Sir John, with a party of British and French officers standing by. The utmost goodwill and cordiality prevail between men of all ranks in the two

Allied armies which are working so gallantly together to rid Europe of the plague of Prussian militarism. Both Sir John French and General Joffre are men of simple and unassuming character, and this interesting photograph is typical of the absence of ostentation which marks the way they are carrying out one of the most important tasks ever entrusted to great leaders of men.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

A General Sketch of the European War: The First Phase. Hilaire Belloc. 6s. (Nelson.)
A Woman Alone (A Play). Mrs. W. K. Clifford. 1s. 6d. (Duckworth.)
Overheard at the Front. Charles G. Hooper. 1s. net. (Cliffe.)
A Bit o' Love (A Play). John Galsworthy. 2s. net. (Duckworth.)
The World in the Crucible. Sir Gilbert Parker. 6s. (Murray.)
The Two Maps of Europe. Hilaire Belloc. 1s. net. (Pearson.)
The Near East from Within. Anon. 10s. 6d. net. (Cassell.)
Sailor and Beachcomber. A. Safroni-Middleton. 10s. 6d. net. (Grant Richards.)
Tales from Shakespeare. Charles and Mary Lamb. Illustrated by May Mulliner. 7s. 6d. net. (Scott.)
An Englishman's Recollections of Egypt. Baron de Kusel. 10s. 6d. net. (The Bodley Head.)
Memories of Queen Amélie of Portugal. Lucien Corpechot. 7s. 6d. net. (Nash.)

MISCELLANEOUS (continued).—

The Diary of an English Resident in France During War-Time. Rowland Strong. 6s. (Nash.)
India and the War. With an Introduction by Lord Sydenham. 1s. net. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

FICTION.

The Man from the Past. Stanley Portal Hyatt. 6s. (Werner Laurie.)
Love in War-Time. Ambrose Pratt. 6s. (Werner Laurie.)
The Story Behind the Verdict. Frank Danby. 6s. (Cassell.)
The Captain of His Soul. Henry J. Forman. 6s. (Grant Richards.)
Minnie's Bishop; and Other Stories. George A. Birmingham. (Hodder and Stoughton.)
Conquest. Olive Wadsley. 6s. (Cassell.)
The House of Many Mirrors. Violet Hunt. 6s. (Stanley Paul.)
The Persistent Lovers. A. Hamilton Gibbs. 6s. (Stanley Paul.)

SPECIAL NOTE TO CONTRIBUTORS TO "THE SKETCH."

Every care will be taken of contributions submitted to the Editor of "The Sketch," and every endeavour made to return rejected contributions to their senders, but the Editor will not accept responsibility for the accidental loss, damage, destruction, or detention of manuscripts, drawings, paintings, or photographs sent to him.

Every contribution submitted to "The Sketch" should bear the full name and address of the sender legibly written. In the case of batches of photographs and drawings, the name and address should be written on each photograph or drawing.

"SKETCH" EDITORIAL OFFICES, MILFORD LANE, STRAND, W.C.

PUBLISHING OFFICE: 172, STRAND, W.C.

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THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

ENCLOSED NUNS AT YPRES: A FAMOUS IRISH COMMUNITY, NOW EXILED.*

War Breaks an Enclosure.

The Irish Benedictine nuns of Ypres are exiles in England. Their historic monastery, which this very year should celebrate its two hundred and fiftieth anniversary, is ruined. Germans have been in the "Wipers" our fighting men know only too well. Before they came here, to the peace and seclusion of Oulton Abbey, "Les Dames Irlandaises" had much to fear from war. Hostile aeroplanes dropped bombs on the town while they were there; but they stayed and prayed and made badges of the Sacred Heart for the soldiers. They suffered by bombardment; but did what charities they could. They had to take to their cellars; but never faltered in their faith. Food was very scarce; the Abbey itself was struck; dangerous journeys had to be made: through all there was high courage. War broke the enclosure.

The Coming of the Irish Nuns to Ypres.

How came these Sisters in Ypres? That is history. The little community has existed there for some two hundred and fifty years—since, in a word, their Royal Abbey was established; and for the first time they have been driven from their home. "During the reign of Queen Elizabeth, three English ladies—Lady Percy, with Lady Montague, Lady Fortescue, and others—wishing to become Religious, and being unable to do so in their own country, assembled at Brussels and founded an English house of the ancient Order of St. Benedict. Their numbers increasing, they made affiliations at Ghent, Dunkerque, and Pontoise. In the year 1665 the Vicar-General of Ghent was made the Bishop of Ypres, and he founded there a Benedictine Abbey, with the Lady Marina Beaumont as its first Lady Abbess. In the year 1682, on the death of the first Lady Abbess, Lady Flavia Cary was chosen as the first Irish Lady Abbess of what was intended to be at that date, and what has remained down to the present day, an Irish community." Since then there have been only two Lady Abbesses of Ypres who have not been Irish—Butlers, O'Bryans, Ryans, Mandevilles, Daltons, Lynchs, and so on.

Not Under a "Usurper."

In 1688, at the desire of King James II., the Lady Abbess founded in Dublin "His Majesty's Chief Royal Abbey," and was granted a Royal Patent, giving the community "house, rent, postage" free, and an annuity of £100. This was dated June 5, 1689. "When William III. arrived in Dublin, in 1690, he gave permission to the Lady Abbess, Lady Butler, to remain. But she and her nuns refused, saying 'they would not live under a usurper.' William then gave her a pass to Flanders . . . it was with difficulty that the Sisters and the Lady Abbess made their way, after long and perilous journeys, home to their House at Ypres."

Famous Relics of the Nuns.

The relics of the nuns were numerous: how many remain none can tell at the moment. There were the Patent and the pass already mentioned; old oak furniture from Dublin; "the famous flag, so often spoken of in song and story, captured by the Irish Brigade in the service of France at the Battle of Ramillies; a voluminous correspondence with James II.; a large border of lace worked by Mary Stuart; a large painted portrait of James II., presented by him to the Abbey; a church vestment made of gold horse-trappings of James II.; another vestment made from the dress of the Duchess Isabella, representing the King of Spain in the Netherlands"; and much else.

St. Patrick and the Germans.

We have quoted chiefly from the sympathetic introduction contributed by Mr. John Redmond. It must not be assumed from that that the book proper does not contain interesting matter. On the contrary, it is full of it. One fact alone makes it unique: it is a record of war as seen by enclosed nuns, sisters whose aspirations were numberless, and, it must be said, at times original. Witness: "Dear St. Patrick, as you once chased the serpents and venomous reptiles out of Ireland, please now chase the Germans out of Belgium!" That was not to be done at the moment. In due course it will be accomplished. Meanwhile, there is this book to be bought, that some little help may be brought towards the rebuilding of the Sisters' beloved and historic monastery: it is a very human document.

* "The Irish Nuns at Ypres: An Episode of the War." By D. M. C., O.S.B. (Member of the Community). Edited by R. Barry O'Brien, LL.D. With an Introduction by John Redmond, M.P. Illustrated. (Smith Elder; 2s. 6d. net.)



THE CLUBMAN

A MUNITION SCARE OF 1815 : RUSSIANS AND RACES : THE INDIAN CADET.

A Hundred Years Ago.

Had we not been at war to-day, and had not the forces of the Allies been gathering for the great battle of Armageddon which is to break the German line, we should all have been mightily interested in remembering the grouping of the forces that took place before the Waterloo campaign. In many ways there is a similarity. Belgium was known to be Bonaparte's objective, just as, ten months ago, it was known to be the Kaiser's objective, and Mons was very generally spoken of as the town at which the first blow would be aimed, though, of course, not from the direction in which the Germans came. There was, a hundred years ago, a scare—though only on a small scale—as to a lack of munitions for the British Army, and the Birmingham manufacturers were requested to make all the arms they possibly could and to continue to do so, being told that they would be given a month's notice when the supply should cease. No doubt that month's notice was given after Waterloo.

The Crew of the "Léon Gambetta."

The entrance of Italy into the war on the side of the Allies has been a joyful event for the English and the French and the Russians, but there was one particular little band of Frenchmen interned in Italy who must have waited with the greatest impatience for the day on which Italy would make up her mind. These were the officers and sailors saved from the war-ship *Léon Gambetta*, who had been interned at Messina. They have now been released—the scene at their release must have been one of tremendous enthusiasm—and they are on their way home to France to fight once again for the cause of the Allies.

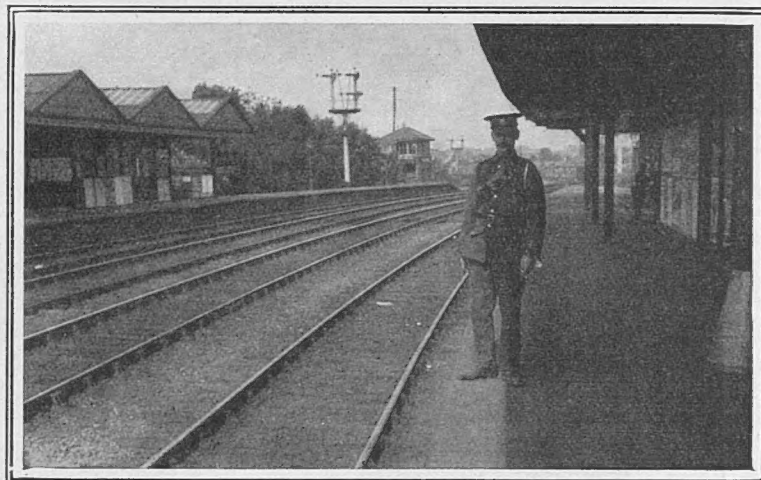
An Exchange of Prisoners.

Another curious result of Italy's intervention in the war is that there is to be an exchange of prisoners between Russia and Italy, all the Polish prisoners taken by the Italians being given over to Russia, and all the Italian prisoners serving in the Austrian ranks who may

spot which the gossips of Warsaw said was to be evacuated by the Russians, and of finding the Russian officers there preparing a course for a steeplechase.

How English!

If British officers had done this, people of all other nationalities would have said, "How English!" Wherever the British have three ponies they generally have a race meeting, but I have not heard of any racing behind the British lines in Flanders. The regiments brought back from the



DERBY DAY, 1915: EPSOM STATION "DOWN" PLATFORM JUST WHEN, ORDINARILY, THE RACE TRAINS ARE ARRIVING.

Wednesday, June 2, was fixed in the "Racing Calendar" for Derby Day. Above we see what the down platform at Epsom railway station actually looked like on that day, just at the time when, in other circumstances, the Derby race trains would have been emptying their swarming crowds of passengers from London on to the now vacant space. On Derby Day, 1915, a soldier on furlough, a milk-can, and a man in shirt-sleeves were its only occupants.—[Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.]

trenches to rest play football—which seems a curious form of rest-cure—but I have heard nothing for months concerning the pack of harriers that was sent out. Possibly they have been sent back to England again for the summer.

An Innovation.

I am old-fashioned in my belief that Sunday should be a day of real rest, and feel doubtful concerning the playing of games on that day, but I thoroughly approve of an innovation that has been effected in Marylebone. In that borough the rifle club has opened its range on Sundays, and the Volunteer Training Corps of the borough and other members of military organisations within its limits are allowed to shoot, under instructors, at certain hours of the day. Sunday is certainly a day for patriotism as well as for rest, and the man who learns how to hold a rifle straight is, nowadays, doing a patriotic act.

Indian Cadetships.

Had the times been normal, the offer of eighty extra Indian cadetships at the next examination for the Army would have filled with joy the hearts of many young gentlemen who cannot afford to live in a British regiment. Nowadays a commission in the Indian Service is considered a prize, and a commission in the Indian cavalry is probably more sought after than any other post in the Army open to cadets. It will be found that the lads who make the highest marks at Sandhurst generally ask for these commissions, being, as a rule, attached to a British regiment for a while to learn their drill. The lads who win the Indian cadetships now offered are to be trained in the first place in India, at a college at Saugor.

D'Annunzio's Commission.

D'Annunzio, the poet, whose fiery oratory did much to induce the Italians to enter the war, has been appointed as an officer on General Cadorna's Staff. He has been given the rank of Lieutenant, which was the rank with which he left the army, for he has already served his country. No man has to keep his mouth more carefully closed than does a junior Staff Officer, and there is a quaintness in D'Annunzio obtaining as a reward for his fiery oratory a post in which silence is esteemed a high virtue.



DERBY DAY, 1915: HOW THE CLASSIC RACE WAS ACTUALLY RUN AT EPSOM THIS YEAR—THE START.

This is how the Derby was run at Epsom on Derby Day, 1915, Wednesday, June 2, a sporting performance got up in commemoration of the event and day among some of the wounded soldiers from the front who are now occupying hospital quarters in the Grand Stand, which is seen in the background. The competitors lined up across the course, and were started by a sergeant who had lost a leg in action. Nearly all the runners, it will be noted, were men wounded in the arm.—[Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.]

be captured by the Russians being handed over to the Italians. As the Polish regiments in the Austrian service are pretty sure to be used on the Italian front, and the Italian regiments wearing the Austrian uniform on the Russian fronts, each of the Allied countries is likely to get numerous batches of prisoners by this arrangement, who will all, probably, enter the army of the nation to whom they are handed over.

A War Race Meeting.

I wrote last week of the calm confidence the Russian Army has that it will be able to beat back any numbers that Germany and Austria can send against it. No better example of this could be found than the account of a *Times* correspondent of a visit to the front, to a

THE SOUVENIR LUNCH: A NEW WAR CHARITY IDEA.



It was a happy thought to help the "Three Arts Employment Fund," which is finding work for women workers, specially suffering through the war, by giving a big "Souvenir Luncheon," at the Savoy Hotel. This event—and it will be a very fashionable event—is to be given on Tuesday, July 6, at two o'clock, and the guests will be entertained until six o'clock by a number of attractive side-shows, chief of

which will be a Sale Room, with, perhaps, Mrs. Kendal as the auctioneer. The luncheon will be worthy of the Savoy, the rooms charmingly decorated; there will be a hundred well-known people as hostesses, and the tickets, which will cost only a guinea each, will include wine, and can be obtained from Mrs. C. F. Leyer, Savoy Hotel, Strand—telephone, 4343 Gerrard. Our portraits are of some of the Executive Committee.

Photographs by Dover Street Studios, Bassano, Hoppé, Hugh Cecil, Malcolm Arbuthnot, Lena Connell, Ellis and Walery, and Thomson.

AS A BRAHMIN'S LOVELY DAUGHTER: AN OPERA STAR.



*In Costume which is Claimed to be Historically Correct:
Mlle. Mignon Nevada as Lakmé in Délibes' Opera-Comique.*

Mlle. Nevada arranged to appear thrice during the London Opera House season in "Lakmé," that opera-comique by Léon Délibes which was first produced in Paris in April 1883, and is now very well known here and in the United States in English versions. Lakmé, it may be recalled, is the daughter of a Brahmin priest who is a

hater of foreigners, and she falls in love with Gerald, an English Army officer. The scene is laid in Burma, which lends itself to picturesque setting and a wealth of colour. Mlle. Nevada has shown herself particularly happy in the famous Bell Song in the second act.—[Photograph by Malcolm Arbuthnot.]

HOW TO DO WITHOUT THE DERBY.



OUR ARTIST HERE OFFERS SOME SUGGESTIONS FOR OFFICES, CLUBS, AND OTHER PLACES WHERE THEY BET, WHOSE OCCUPANTS WILL FEEL LOST WITHOUT THEIR ANNUAL DERBY SWEEP.

DRAWN BY G. E. STUDDY.

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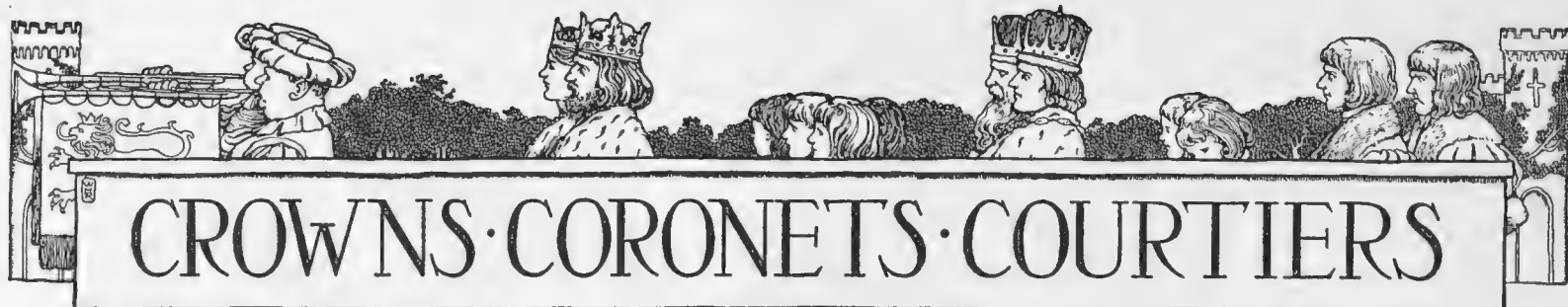
FRY - GARDNER: A SOCIETY ENGAGEMENT OF THE MOMENT.



*To Marry Mr. Geoffrey Fry: the Hon. Alethea
Gardner, Second Daughter of Lord Burghclere.*

The Hon. Alethea Gardner is the second of the four daughters of Lord Burghclere, the well-known authority upon agriculture, who, as Mr. Herbert Gardner, did such good work as President of the Board of Agriculture, 1892-1895. Lord Burghclere is a Privy Councillor, and was married, in 1890, to Lady Winifred Byng, eldest daughter

of the fourth Earl of Carnarvon, and widow of Captain the Hon. Alfred George Byng, son of the second Earl of Strafford. Miss Gardner was born in 1893. Mr. Geoffrey Fry is the son of Mr. J. F. Fry, Lord of the Manor of Cricket St. Thomas, Somerset.—[*Photograph by Lallie Charles.*]



CROWNS · CORONETS · COURTIER'S

SLENDER and sincere, the Duchess of Marlborough is a speaker who gives herself entirely to the matter in hand. She sways gently to and fro as she talks, as if caught in the wind of a good cause; and her utter un-self-consciousness is as delightful as it is unusual. Last week the London School of Medicine for Women was her theme, and will be again on the 22nd, when she attends Miss Annabel Douglas's meeting at 133, Queen Anne's Gate.



WIFE OF A NEW PARLIAMENTARY SECRETARY: LADY MARY TALBOT.

Lady Mary Talbot is the wife of Sir Edmund Bernard Talbot, D.S.O., M.P. for the Chichester Division of Sussex, and brother of the Duke of Norfolk. Sir Edmund, who has been appointed Joint Parliamentary Secretary to the Treasury, was a Junior Lord of the Treasury, 1905. He married Lady Mary Caroline Bertie, daughter of the seventh Earl of Abingdon, and has a daughter, and a son in the 11th Hussars, who has been wounded in the present war.

Photograph by Swaine.

and then apply themselves to good works and summon up the tragic note, eked out with smiles, for the benefit of drawing-room audiences. She can't help being the prettiest of Duchesses, but neither can she help being serious. This last characteristic has its penalties. When, for once, she consents to grace a

A Grave First-Nighter.

This good habit of the Duchess's of thinking hard of what she is saying should not be a rare quality in the platform speaker. But since ease is the ambition of most unprofessional orators, it often happens that real earnestness seems to go by the board. The Duchess, too, is unlike many Society speakers in her consistent interest in her subject. She is not one of those charming g d-abouts who every now



WIFE OF THE NEW SOLICITOR-GENERAL: LADY SMITH.

The Right Hon. Sir F. E. Smith, the new Solicitor-General, and one of the most brilliant speakers in the House, married, in 1901, Miss Margaret Eleanor Furneaux, second daughter of the late Rev. H. Furneaux, Fellow of Corpus Christi College, Oxford, and they have one son and two daughters.

Photograph by Swaine.

Lord Fisher at Home.

Lord Fisher's movements have given food for much speculation. His whereabouts during the Cabinet crisis were almost as mysterious as those of the London Zeppelins. Few of the wisacres believed in "the brief visit to Scotland." It was whispered in Pall Mall that Scotland was a new name for the Dardanelles, whither the Admiral had gone on a tour of inspection. Norfolk, however, would have been nearer the mark: it was there that he spent a quiet day with his daughter away from the fuss and fume of Whitehall. Lord Fisher has

been called the Father of the Fleet; he is also the father of a family. Apart from national interests, that family is the absorbing interest of his life, and an interest not wholly unconnected with the Navy. All his three daughters married sailors.

A Private View.

Lady Butler's private view was very crowded with officers and their ladies. The failure of the Royal Academy to produce any battle-pieces looking like war as the modern soldier knows it renders the re-appreciation of Lady Butler's work all the keener. She herself was in the crowd at the Leicester Galleries. In the world of soldiers, naturally, she has innumerable friends, made during years when her work as a painter was much interrupted by her duties as a hostess in the various commands held by the late Sir William Butler.

Joan's Soldiers.

One son, Captain Butler, is in the thick of the fighting; another is a priest anxious for a Chaplaincy at the front; and Lord Gormanston, her son-in-law, is doing military work at home. Captain Butler was one of the trio named in these pages the other day as the devotees of Joan of Arc. All three were sons of British Generals. They paused in Rouen to fix a wreath on the Maid's statue; and then went into the fight. That was only the other day; and one of them is dead.

Sir Arthur Pinero.

After two unproductive years, Sir Arthur Pinero has finished a play, to be staged in September. He has even decided on a title, not yet revealed; Sir Arthur has a mouth that snaps fast on a secret. Is it the snap of the mouth, or the rigorous brow, that gives him the look of the Bench rather than the Theatre? One of the most popular members of the Garrick and the Beefsteak, he does not always live up, or down, to the severity of his looks; but the letter to the *Times* that so greatly flurried the dovescotes of naturalised aliens a few weeks ago was all in character with the fierce acumen of the Pineroesque eye.



WIFE OF A WELL-KNOWN PRIVY COUNCILLOR: LADY ISLINGTON.

Lady Islington is the wife of the first Baron Islington, and was Miss Anne Beauclerk Dundas, daughter of Mr. Robert Henry Duncan Dundas, who married Catherine Anne, sister of the second Baron Napier of Magdala. Lady Islington has one daughter, the Hon. Joan Alice Katherine Dickson-Poynder, born in 1897.—[Photograph by Maull and Fox.]



WIFE OF A NEW PARLIAMENTARY SECRETARY: MRS. JOHN HERBERT LEWIS.

Mrs. Herbert Lewis is the wife of the Right Hon. John Herbert Lewis, P.C., Member for Flintshire, who has been appointed Parliamentary Secretary to the Board of Education. He was Parliamentary Secretary to the Local Government Board, 1909. He married, in 1897, Ruth, daughter of the late William Sproston Caine, M.P. for the Camborne Division of Cornwall, and has a son and a daughter.

Photograph by Thomson.



WIFE OF THE NEW FINANCIAL SECRETARY TO THE WAR OFFICE: THE HON. MRS. H. W. FORSTER.

The Hon. Mrs. Forster was the Hon. Rachel Cecily Douglas-Scott-Montagu, sister of the second Baron Montagu of Beaulieu, and was married to Mr. Henry William Forster, M.P., in 1890. They have a daughter, married last year to the Hon. Harold F. P. Lubbock, a half-brother of Baron Avebury; another daughter, Emily Rachel, born in 1896; and a son, Alfred Henry, born in 1898.—[Photograph by Sarony.]

THE ONLY POSSIBLE OBJECTIVE.



THE SERGEANT (*sternly*): Nah then, yer young blighter, you ain't larfin' at me, are yer?

THE YOUNG BLIGHTER: Oh, no, sergeant; no, Sir!

THE SERGEANT (*more sternly*): Then what the 'ell else is there on parade ter larf at?

DRAWN BY LAWSON-WOOD.



A MILITARY ENGAGEMENT :
MISS MABEL ADELINE
LODGE.

Miss Lodge is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Lodge, of Stonehurst, Bedford, and her engagement is announced to Second Lieutenant Alexander George Petrie-Hay, of the Gordon Highlanders, only son of Dr. George Petrie-Hay, of Edintore, Keith, Banffshire.

Photograph by Swaine.

entry printed last Thursday. "Lost, Monday, 31st, on the road between Didcot Station and London, box containing lady's dress, etc. Finder will be rewarded. Communicate with Mrs. Asquith, 10, Downing Street, London." A Mrs. Asquith gown is not to be lightly lost, and here, surely, is a chance for a young man with ambitions. Who shall set a limit on the rewards that Downing Street can offer?

This Week's Wedding.

Miss Irene Noel, whose home is a Greek island and whose work is in France, will be married on the 12th in Sussex. The church of her choice is at Worth, near the forest put into poetry and partly owned by Mr. Wilfrid Scawen Blunt. Miss Noel's Sussex headquarters are at Crabbet Park, the residence of Neville Lytton, who is very well known as tennis champion and is now a newly gazetted Major; and of his

LADY HUNTINGFIELD, the mother, of a two-week-old son, is American tall, good-looking, sporting, interesting and fluent. The new baby is the heir to his father's Barony, and is already reported to be an astonishing infant, occupying about as much room as ordinary twins. He does not, despite these claims, hold the field, and the Huntingfields, alone. His little sister is very pretty, and has adoring parents.

Rewards and Fairies.

As often as not the "Agony" column blithely belies its name, but there is matter for both sorrow and rejoicing in an



A DECORATED LADY: THE BARONESS WILLINGDON.

Lady Willingdon is the wife of Baron Willingdon, Governor of Bombay, and has been awarded the Kaiser-I-Hind medal, for services rendered during Lord Willingdon's tenure of office. Lady Willingdon, who is a daughter of Earl Brassey, has two sons, the elder of whom, Lieutenant the Hon. Gerard Frederick Freeman-Thomas, of the Coldstream Guards, has been wounded and taken prisoner in the war.—[Photo. by Lafayette.]

wife, who was Miss Judith Blunt. Her mother is Lady Anne Blunt, daughter of Byron's daughter—"Ada, sole daughter of my house and heart."

The Problem of the Friends.

In less harassing years, a wedding at Crabbet might have been the occasion of great doings, especially if an athlete of Mr. Baker's quality had been of the party. Even now, it is hard to believe that nobody will snatch a game of tennis on a court that is one of the few of its kind in England, or that the great swimming-bath or the Arabian stud will be ignored. Mr. Neville Lytton went in for the war from the start; and Mr. Baker, the son of the most peaceful of Friends, and himself a Friend, has been no less active, even while keeping the old Quaker rule of abstinence from actual fighting. The Quaker position in a war involving universal disorder is thought by some members of the Friends' community to be a false one. But it is to the benefit of countless men, women, and children on the scene of conflict that Mr. Baker and his fellow-workers have been free to perform their task of healing.

Soldiers Three.

Two of Lady Raglan's three soldier sons have been wounded, one of them twice over. The youngest, who was damaged in the shoulder, seems to have nearly emulated the Lord Raglan of Waterloo fame, who lost an arm. But doctoring saves more limbs nowadays than it did a hundred years ago, and he is doing wonderfully well. Like most Somersets, Lord Raglan managed to see active service (in the Afghan War), but of late he has given himself to the peaceful management of the Isle of Man, where he has made

it his business, among other benevolent tasks, to send Christmas greetings to all the inhabitants. A charming and original idea, this.



ENGAGED TO LIEUT. H. T. BAILLIE-GROHMAN, R.N.: MISS EVELYN TAYLOR.

Miss Taylor is the only daughter of Dr. Arthur B. Taylor and Mrs. Taylor, of Surbiton, Surrey. Lieutenant Baillie-Grohman is the son of the well-known writer on sport, and big-game hunter, Mr. William A. Baillie-Grohman and Mrs. Baillie-Grohman.—Miss Foster is the youngest daughter of the late Colonel and Mrs. Foster, of Hornby Castle, Lancaster. Lieutenant C. Gordon Ross is in the 17th Battalion, The London Regiment.—Miss Margaret Renée Cayley, who was married on June 4 to Commander Ernest H. Rideout, R.N., of



TO MARRY LIEUTENANT C. GORDON ROSS: MISS HERMIONE FOSTER.



MARRIED TO COMM. E. H. RIDEOUT, R.N., ON JUNE 4: MISS MARGARET CAYLEY.

H.M.S. "Ganges," is the second daughter of Sir George Everard Arthur Cayley, and Lady Mary Cayley, sister of the Earl of Wharnccliffe.—Miss Carter is youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Scales Carter, of Oak House, Ilkley. Second Lieutenant J. H. Wood, B.A., Barrister-at-Law, is in the Army Service Corps, and is the elder son of Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Rose Wood, of Belmont, Sidmouth, and of Pant Glas, Trawsfynydd, Merioneth.—[Photographs by Swaine and Sarony.]



ENGAGED TO 2ND LT. JAMES HATTON WOOD: MISS DORIS FRANCES CARTER.



TO MARRY MR. WILFRED A. R. HOARE: MISS ALLEN ADRIAN HEATH.

Miss Heath is the daughter of Colonel Harry Heptinstall Rose Heath, C.B., late of the 11th King Edward's Own Bengal Lancers, and is engaged to Mr. Wilfred A. R. Hoare, of Colehayn, Devon.

Photograph by Swaine.

HIGH EXPLOSIVE.



THE MINISTERING ANGEL (*who has been talking to the wounded*): Really, Doctor, I found them most interesting. Fancy your having a Russian amongst them!

THE DOCTOR: A Russian?

THE MINISTERING ANGEL: Well, I couldn't get a word out of him until I asked him his name, which sounded like Ohyoupopoff!

DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS.



A STRING OF PEARLS.

By ALICIA RAMSEY.

SHE sat on the side of the bed in the stifling twilight and looked with despairing eyes about the room.

There was not much to look at, for the room was almost bare. A table, a chair, a looking-glass, and a sauce-pan—that was all there was in it, except for the bed on which she sat.

For a long time she sat there thinking, and her thoughts circled round the future and what she still had left to sell. To-morrow, the table; the next week, the looking-glass; the week after that, the chair. The week after that—the bed she sat on.

The week after that? The streets or her soul's damnation! Which?

With a shudder, she got up and lighted the candle and looked at herself in the glass.

Her face was white, her throat was whiter, but whitest of all shone the lustrous thing concealed in her bosom—a string of costly pearls.

They were beautiful pearls, exquisitely matched, perfectly shaped—clasped with a diamond heart.

"His heart," he had said when he gave them to her. She shut her eyes, and dead Passion came out of its unholy grave and tore at her with sacrilegious caresses. So real was that agony of Memory that she looked at her bosom in wonder it was not red with the burning of his mouth.

But there were neither kisses nor lover to kiss her in the twilight! They had vanished with the lies and the heartbreak and the treachery into the bottomless pit of Death which awaits both love and hatred. They had vanished, and left her nothing. She had descended into hell and come back empty-handed—save for a string of pearls.

She snatched them to her lips and kissed them madly. They were not mere jewels to her at that moment. They were the gods who had saved her soul. They stood to her as the symbols of what Love had meant to her. All the rest of it had been false. They were real. Even his love must have been real when he had bought them, she told herself bitterly, else the gift, poor counterpart of the giver, would have been false as himself.

She clasped the pearls round her white throat and peered at herself in the mirror. Still young, still beautiful, with the strange beauty of burnt-out fires which irresistibly appeals to men—what fate had Destiny in store for her when the chair and the table and the looking-glass had gone the way of her other earthly possessions, and she was thrust into the streets to starve?

Starve, with five thousand dollars' worth of jewels to sell at her own pleasure! Yet she had starved! It had been easier to go hungry than to part with the thing he had given her. They were her fetish, her idols, her justification! The thought of the shining, lustrous things concealed in her bosom had been as a talisman to keep her free from harm. She knew it was the height of human folly to keep them, but she kept them. Each human soul has its own particular madness. This was hers.

Now, however, she could be mad no longer. She was too ill to work. She had nothing left to sell. Three things were open to her to choose from. Suicide, the pawnshop, or Dishonour! Which should she choose?

Not Suicide. Life was still too strong within her. She was not one of those who find it easy to die. She went to the window and looked down into the hideous turmoil of the streets below her. A woman's drunken laughter floated up to her as she reeled after a man who turned and cursed her. The commonplace, silly incident decided her. Life is made up of such decisions! She took the jewels from her neck and laid them in their bed of white velvet and satin, and went out to pawn the pearls.

The summer night was intolerable. There was not a breath of air. The glare and the roar of the streets was a nightmare to her, but she heeded nothing. She walked swiftly through the thronged thoroughfares to the better part of the city, where the finest pawnshops were.

As she passed one of the great hotels on Broadway a man standing on the steps lighting his cigar caught sight of her, and, hastening after her, overtook her half-way down the street.

"You!" he said, looking down at her with eyes that had suddenly grown fiercely eager. "Don't you remember me?"

She remembered him. He had often been a guest at the table which she had made beautiful in the days when she had played at being a happy and honoured wife. A guest, too, she reminded herself bitterly, who would only too gladly have betrayed the salt he ate.

"I remember you," she said with the quiet dignity he had always admired in her.

"What are you doing in this God-forsaken place in this weather?" he asked her. "Why aren't you away at the sea?"

"Why aren't you?" she answered readily.

"I'm going to-morrow," he said quickly.

"And I'm going to-night!" She nodded her charming head at him, and the elusive smile which had first caught his fancy played round her parted lips.

A little flame sprang up suddenly in the man's bright blue eyes. "Look here," he said eagerly, bending down to her and catching her by the arm. "I've always been deucedly fond of you, as I've often told you. I don't pretend I can marry you, for, as you know, I've got a wife already. But she needn't trouble you. There's no love lost between her and me. You're damnably pretty, and, if you chose, you could do what you liked with me. I've a yacht down the Bay waiting for me. Why not come and make holiday on the sea with me?"

She disengaged her arm from his hand. "Thanks," she said gently; "but I've done with that kind of thing for ever."

"Don't say that," he urged her. "You don't know how fond I could be of you. A woman like you plays hell with a man like me. You're not going to spoil all the rest of your life because you made a mess of it with that damned sweep Wilson, are you?"

"I loved Wilson," she said, her beautiful eyes filling with tears.

His face darkened ominously. "Much good it did you! Took everything you had to give him, and gave you nothing in return!"

[Continued overleaf.]

THE RUBY CROSS.



THE DEAR OLD SOUL: Ruby's just taken up nursing. She's getting on so well; they've given her the Red Cross.

DRAWN BY ALFRED LEETE.

Her hand closed more tightly on the jewel-case. "No, that's not true," she said softly. "He gave me more than he knew."

"I'd give you everything," he told her with sudden passion. "Money, jewels, dresses! If you chose to take it, I'd give you what I've never given any other woman before you—myself!"

"Don't say any more," she entreated him gently. "I've told you it's impossible. I'm going in here on business. Good-night."

Unnerved by the sudden rage of emotion that had swept over him at the unexpected sight of her, he stood aside to let her pass. Then his quick eyes caught sight of the jewel-case she was holding, and went from that to the three gold balls outside the pawnbroker's shop.

"Look here," he said awkwardly, "if you're short of—I mean, if you are in any need of— Oh, hang it all!" he cried. "For God's sake, don't go selling any of your wretched little trinkets. If you want money, I've got millions more than I know what to do with. Take it from me as a friend—honest Injun—as a friend!"

She turned to him, a desperate hope flooding through her heart, and looked at him. Ardent eyes, impassioned voice! Here, indeed, was a lover for the asking—but no friend! "You mean it kindly," she said softly; "but it's impossible. Thank you all the same." She put out her hand. "Good-bye!"

He took the little hand she held out to him and held it tightly for an instant, his eyes devouring her white face. Then he opened the heavy, swinging door of the shop for her and she disappeared inside.

"I want to see the manager," she said to the assistant behind the counter.

"I am the manager," said a fat and prosperous person, coming forward and eyeing her keenly. These white-faced, soft-voiced women, with their indefinable air of elegance despite their shabby clothes, belonged to a type who more often than not had good things to sell.

"I have some pearls," she said, nervously fumbling with the fastening of the jewel-case.

"To pawn or to sell?" asked the pawnbroker.

A red-hot wave of disgust passed over her, searing her body and soul. She tenderly lifted the pearls from their velvet bed and held them out to him. "To pawn."

He took them from her and weighed them in his fat hand carelessly, her pearls—her talisman, whose lustrous purity had kept her free from harm. "What do you want on them?"

"Only a little," she said eagerly. "I hope soon to redeem them. Not more than a hundred dollars at most."

"A hundred dollars?" The fat man laughed loudly, showing his big white teeth. "I wouldn't give you more than ten for them if you wanted to sell outright."

"But they're worth thousands!" she cried. "They're real!"

"Real?" cried the pawnbroker. "They're imitation—and not by any means the best imitation at that!"

She reeled as if he had struck her. *Imitation!* So he had lied to her even in that! His gift, like his love, had been a mockery! Not even the best mockery at that! Any fool could have seen through him at a glance, excepting the greatest of all fools living—herself! And for the sake of this trumpery rubbish she had fashioned for herself an Ideal of perfection! And lived up to it! For the sake of a few worthless beads she had stood out against temptation! She had denied herself everything that makes life worth living in order to be worthy of all they meant to her. She had nearly starved!

"I'll give you twelve dollars if you like to sell them," said the fat pawnbroker, dangling the shining things on his finger. "It's a nice little fancy clasp."

The diamond heart! *His heart*, he had called it. His heart in very truth—a piece of imitation glass.

She stood in the shop with the empty jewel-case in her hand, and all the foolish, beautiful dreams that had made her love of the man who had ruined her life a glory went out of her heart for ever, one by one.

"Will you take twelve dollars?" asked the pawnbroker.

"I don't want your twelve dollars," she cried, in a hard, shrill voice quite unlike her own. "That's too cheap a price for a

woman like me!" She swept towards the door, laughing recklessly.

"Hi, you're forgetting your pearls!" the astonished pawnbroker called after her.

"I don't want them," she cried contemptuously over her shoulder. "If they're not real, they're no use to me. I've done with imitations for good!"

She threw open the heavy door and went out into the glaring, noisy streets. On the pavement, with his back to her, stood the man, smoking. She went up to him and struck him on the shoulder lightly with the empty jewel-case. "If your offer's still open," she said in his ear, "I'm on!"

He turned and looked at her, hardly able to believe his own senses. "What do you mean?"

She laughed recklessly. "Ask me to go yachting with you again, and see what my answer is."

The flame that had died down in his ardent eyes sprang to life again. "What is your answer?" he said unsteadily.

She gave him a glance that set his heart beating as if it would burst its way out of his bosom. "I'll go."

"Do you mean that?" he said, bending down to her.

She nodded. She could not trust herself to speak.

"My God!" said the man. "I can't believe it! If it's true, let's go at once!"

"One minute!" She put her hand on his arm, softly detaining him. "I want you to buy me something first." She pointed to the shop she had just come out of. "In there."

He threw his cigar into the gutter. "The whole shop, if you want it!"

"Are you mad too?" she said, looking at him over her shoulder with devil's eyes.

He caught her hand in his and crushed it. "Crazy!" They stood and stared at each other for an instant, then he followed her into the shop.

"What is it you want?" he asked her. "A pearl necklace?" He turned to the obsequious pawnbroker, who had recognised him the instant he entered as one of New York's latest millionaires. "You sell new stuff as well as unredeemed pledges, don't you? Show me the best you've got."

The pawnbroker signalled to his assistant, who rolled a protecting velvet over the counter while he fetched the cases from a safe.

"A king's ransom!" he said, displaying his treasures before them.

"He means a queen's," said the man under his breath. Then he pointed to the jewels in front of her. "Take whichever you want."

She put out her hand and caught hold of a chair to steady herself. "Which costs the most?" she asked the pawnbroker. None of the three men watching her noticed that she never once looked at the pearls.

"This one, Madam," replied the pawnbroker.

Her delicate face hardened itself out of all recognition. "That is the one I want!"

"Little cormorant!" thought the man writing his cheque amusedly. "They're all the same when it comes to a question of trash!" Then he picked up the necklace and put it on her, and his strong fingers trembled at the touch of her soft white throat. "Come!" he said briefly, and, though he didn't know it, there was ownership in his voice.

For one instant she hesitated, then she followed him out of the shop.

"What are you thinking of, my sweet?" he said an hour later, as they stood on the deck of his yacht together, and the sweet wild wind blowing fresh off the ocean told her they were leaving the Bay.

She lifted her white face to his and smiled at him in the darkness—had he but known it, a smile more pitiful than tears. "My pearls!"

"What about them?"

"I'm thinking of what they cost."

He drew her up to him and kissed her with a passion that shook him. "They cost nothing, my darling!" he said hoarsely. "Nothing!"

But there he was mistaken. He had omitted to add the trifling price of a woman's soul to the fifteen thousand dollars he had paid for that string of pearls.

THE END.



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By ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

The Chic Respirator.

We English are incorrigible triflers, even under the most untoward circumstances; and London just now, as Paris would be under the same circumstances, is inclined to treat the recent German Zeppelin raid without the respect which it ought to inspire. We are more concerned with the appearance of the respirator which we are told to wear than with the problem of immediate extinction. Yet, after all, if we are to be flattened to the earth by bombs or asphyxiated by unpleasant-smelling gases to make a Berlin holiday—why, we may as well disappear gracefully and with a jest upon our lips. London is the greatest city, in every sense, in the world; and the Londoner is inclined to assume the attitude of the French aristocrat in the Reign of Terror, and cry "Noblesse oblige." Quite clearly the Londoner is not going to be alarmed by German "frightfulness"; nor does he, except in isolated cases, appear anxious to provide himself with antidotes to gas, nor be especially curious about his cellar accommodation. The fact is that the whole Zeppelin affair—bombs, poison, and all—strikes him rather as some imaginative and fantastic tale by Mr. H. G. Wells than the serious war-plan of an enemy country.

So he will continue to joke about his respirator; and his women-kind will probably invent some specially *chic* mask in which the ladies, caught out at dawn in exiguous clothing, will look altogether delightful. The civilian is not such a poltroon as he is usually supposed to be, and he is not at all disinclined—viewing the holocausts of young life "somewhere in France"—to do his share also of facing danger with a gay heart.

Economy in the Home.

There was once an elderly Scottish gentleman who used to set his young guests of an evening to play a game called "How to Plan the Nicest Dinner for Ninepence." This pastime should be popular now, when strict economy is enforced on us, and Government has issued appeals to us to lessen the meat we consume. We are, as a flesh-and-fowl-eating race, plainly in a dilemma. Game will not be raised in large quantities this summer, for obvious reasons, and I am told by my hostesses in country houses that chickens will cost the eyes of your head, owing to the dearness of their food. Moreover, there being no contested elections at hand, "crate eggs" are unobtainable; and these delicacies, it seems, are chiefly what the young pheasants consume. Fish, it is obvious, is, when procurable, not "what it was." Fruit and vegetables will be plentiful, but neither man nor woman can live on gooseberries and raspberries, and a certain pensiveness is engendered by undue consumption of "greens." We cling desperately to the pleasing idea of dishes of spaghetti; but, with Italy at war, shall we be able to obtain this delightful comestible, so dear to Kensington and Hampstead, and other centres of light and lead-

ing? Certainly the housekeeper is "up against" a formidable proposition, not so much this summer, when lighter foods will be acceptable, but next autumn and winter, when I presume the

meat-purveyors will be selling steak at five shillings a pound, unless the Government, when they have leisure, will "take up" the food-supply of these islands.

On Prisoners.

Reading letters from prisoners of war in Germany, both French and English, one is struck by the inevitable phrase: "We are very well treated here." Are prisoners compelled or bribed to use this formula before their letters or postcards are allowed to pass the censor? Tragedies may lie under the smooth, conventional phrase, which should be varied by the authorities if it is to carry conviction. Yet there seem to be places—Heidelberg is such a one—where imprisonment must be less harsh than in Prussia. The Heidelbergers, as I remember them, were an easy-going, kindly folk, a little inclined to sentimentality, and it is unlikely that any of the usual brutality would be shown to officers shut up there. Some letters from English prisoners which I have just read sound cheerful enough. One gay youth in the Royal Navy urgently demands his silk pyjamas and "tuck" of various kinds. A young doctor announces that he is already learning Russian and French from officers of our Allies, and is giving lessons in English in return. This seems an admirable way of passing the tedious hours of imprisonment, and might lead to big things after the war. If I were a young man in these days I should set myself to learn Russian. This vast Empire will be among the first of the countries to be "developed" in the near future.

The Gaiety of Slang.

There has been considerable discussion lately as to whether the ubiquitous expression "some" is of Cornish origin or hails, with all our slang nowadays, from America. It is a moot point, but is hardly worth wrangling about in the newspapers, for before we have done arguing "some" will have slipped into the discredited limbo of bygone vogues. The great charm of these absurd phrases lies in the fact that you never have time to get tired of them. After a dazzling notoriety, an amazing success wherever the English language is spoken—lo! in a trice they disappear, and the lips of man know them no more. There is nothing so *vieux jeu* as yesterday's darling slang phrase. To be heard using one is to stamp yourself hopelessly as a fogey, as one not in touch with more nimble minds. And yet slang should not be frowned upon, since it has an amazingly exhilarating effect upon our younger contemporaries. It is quite evident that it affords them a singular pleasure to say "some hat," or "some motor-car," or "some cigar": that these quaint expressions are more to them than the choicest flowers of rhetoric. The country, the generation, which has no new slang is generally a morose and stationary one, without cheerfulness, elasticity, and adaptability. Our soldiers in the field and camp are addicted to slang and pet-names, even for the enemy's most formidable guns. It is an idiosyncrasy which has turned them into the happiest of warriors.

**IN NINON AND TULLE.**

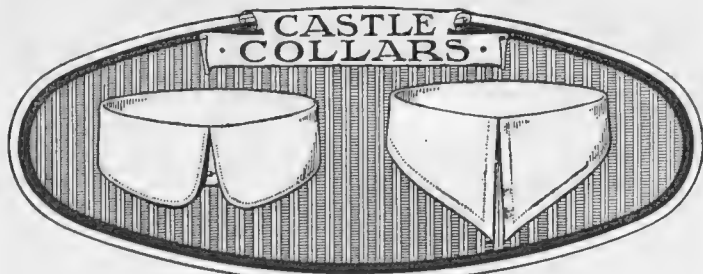
This toilette has an under-bodice and sleeves of white Ninon, and a flounced tunic of the same material outlined with black velvet ribbon, over a skirt of white pleated tulle. A wide belt of white moiré appears under the sleeveless black-velvet bolero.

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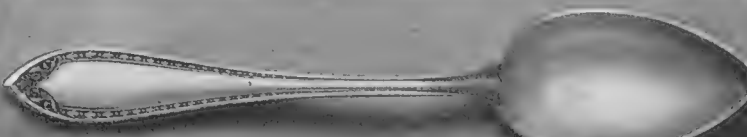
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FOOD for
INFANTS, INVALIDS,
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Its delicate biscuit flavour is most
pleasing and entirely natural.

THE WOMAN-ABOUT-TOWN

Frills and Furbelows Once more are in fashion, and very feminine and pretty they are. The pale shades of taffetas and glacé silks that are being so much worn this summer lend themselves to this kind of treatment admirably. The bodices with the neatest little boleros or zouaves are very fascinating, too—in fact, feminine styles are catching the eye, and the khaki boys, home from the fronts or preparing to go to them, love to have their eyes so caught. They loved the silhouette ladies; now they love the expansive and frilly ladies, who, in return, love them even better in their inconspicuous khaki clothes than in all the trappings of scarlet and blue and gold that in Victorian days were said to make them dote on the military!

Our English Rose. This week, "when young June roses" blow, Harrods, who are always appropriately on the spot, have a wonderful display of the national flower perfectly imitated. Roses of all kinds—in sprays, hat clusters and wreaths,



AN INTERESTING MILITARY ENGAGEMENT: LIEUTENANT G. C. WARNES—MISS LORNA CAMPBELL.

Lieutenant George C. Warnes is the only son of Mr. and Mrs. Harold Warnes, of Cranley Grange, Eye, Suffolk, and is in the 6th Suffolk Regiment. Miss Campbell is the younger daughter of Dr. Gordon Campbell, LL.D., Trinity College, Cambridge, and Mrs. Campbell, of 15, Market Street, Cambridge.—[Photographs by Swaine.]

dress garnitures, coiffure sprays and trails; "roses, roses all the way," and at wonderfully moderate cost: wreaths for 10s. 9d., handsome hat-trimmings for 12s. 9d., in the newest roses of the latest shades and colours. A special opportunity is being offered this week, also at Harrods, for buying beautiful furs at bargain prices. If our capricious climate does not necessitate their wear in the month of roses, Harrods will keep them in cold-air chambers free of charge until they are required. The opportunity is a rare one, and we may

ace the fact that furs will be scarce next winter. Now also is the time to have furs remodelled and renovated. To mention just a few of the bargains obtainable this week, there are blended cross Jap fox shoulder skins, with head, tail, and paws, which sold for 7 guineas and are now 5½ guineas. An ermine tie which was 7½ guineas is now 5 guineas, and is smart and suitable for wear now. An ermine pillow muff to match which was 15 guineas is now 10 guineas. Natural skunk cravats which sold readily at 6½ guineas are now 4½ guineas, and are in various styles; while two-strand wide skunk ties which were 8½ guineas are now 5½ guineas, with pillow muffs to match at similar prices. These are but a very few of the bargains in furs to be obtained at Harrods this week. It is an opportunity to make first-class investments in fine furs that should not be neglected.

To Keep Fit. A duty that everyone owes to the country now is to keep fit and well. There are not so many doctors working at home now, and those left are extremely hard pressed for time. For small ailments and out-of-sorts illnesses there is at this juncture very little sympathy. It will be good news to many who put their best efforts into keeping well that the Vichy season will this year be run practically as usual. The springs and the bathing establishment, with its many kinds of baths, also the mecano-therapeutic, are accessible to visitors and open. The Casino has placed its reading-rooms, billiard-salons, etc., at the disposal of the public; while concerts will take place in the park from the 15th inst. There will be evening concerts in the Salle des Fêtes, and performances four times a week in the Grand Hall, in which also there will be matinées three times a week from the 15th inst. It will be possible to make a cure

at Vichy as pleasantly as usual, and our appreciation of our brave French Allies is so great that we shall quite patriotically patronise their spas.

A Treasure-House of Historical Plate.

The exhibition opened this week at Garrard's fine gallery in Albemarle Street of a loan collection of plate in aid of the funds of the British Red Cross Society will attract general attention and arouse special interest. A private view was held on Friday, and the collection was pronounced by connoisseurs to be unique and priceless. The King, the Queen, the Prince of Wales, Queen Alexandra, Prince Arthur of Connaught, the Duke of Norfolk, the Duke of Beaufort, the Duke of Portland, the Marquess of Crewe, the Earl of Rosebery, Earl Spencer, and Mr. Alfred de Rothschild are among the contributors to this wonderful show of rare and historical plate. The King's loan includes fine specimens of Charles II. and James II., as well as of Georgian pieces. Among the Duke of Portland's plate are some superb specimens of Charles II. vases of great size, the Chalice from which Charles I. received his last Communion, the plate from which Strafford took his last earthly sustenance, and a wonderful piece in gold and jewels ascribed to Benvenuto Cellini; also the gold font at which the children of the Cavendish-Bentinck family are christened. The Duke of Norfolk's gold cups, the Irish silver cups from the King's collection, the cup with cover and stand of Charles II. period lent by the Duke of Beaufort, some very fine Charles II. pieces lent by Lieutenant-Colonel E. W. Stanyforth, are just a few of the attractions in an exhibition which will, without doubt, have innumerable admirers.



THE EIGHTH EARL OF JERSEY: VISCOUNT VILLIERS, WHO HAS JUST SUCCEEDED TO THE EARLDOM OF HIS FATHER, SEVENTH EARL OF JERSEY.

The new Earl of Jersey, hitherto well known as Viscount Villiers, was born in 1873, and is an old Etonian and Oxford man. He married, in 1908, Lady Cynthia Almina Constance Mary Needham, daughter of the third Earl of Kilmorey, and has two sons and a daughter. The elder son, the Hon. George Francis Villiers, born in 1910, has now become Viscount Villiers.

Photograph by Gillman.



ENGAGED TO MISS CONSTANCE MAUD STOVIN: SECOND LIEUTENANT G. C. W. WHITE.

Second Lieutenant Gilbert Clement W. White, of the 13th Cheshires, is the son of the late Rev. and Mrs. G. White, of Cranwell, Lincolnshire. Miss Stovin is the only daughter of Captain Lucas G. Stovin, R.N., and Mrs. Stovin, of The Moorings, Ramsgate.

Photograph by Swaine



"THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS AND SKETCH" AND WOUNDED SOLDIERS: AN UP-RIVER TRIP.

Our printing-machine managers hold annually an outing, which usually takes the form of an up-river trip, and this year they decided upon taking some wounded soldiers with them. The outing was held on Saturday, May 29, and Sir Rowland Bailey, C.B., M.V.O., of the British Red Cross Society, arranged a party of twenty soldiers from the Victoria Hospital, Chelsea, and an auxiliary hospital. Our machine-managers arranged for a private motor-bus to convey the soldiers from the hospital to Kingston Bridge, where they were taken aboard the launch "Sunbury Belle," and a trip was made beyond Walton, returning to Kingston Bridge in the evening after a lunch and tea on board. This outing was a unique way of giving wounded soldiers a treat, and was much appreciated by them. On the return to Kingston Bridge a Union Jack was displayed, and the whole company stood up and sang the National Anthem, and cheers were given by the soldiers for the printing-machine managers, and "The Illustrated London News and Sketch."

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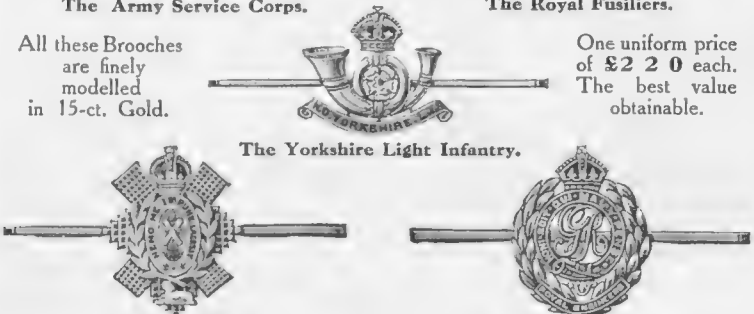
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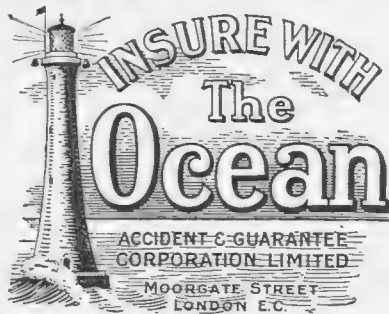
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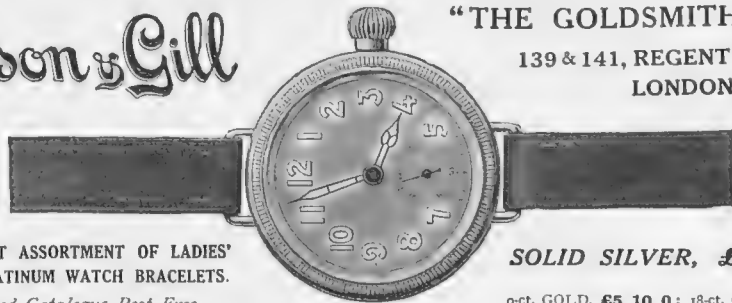


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Section showing damp & dust-
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SOME "LONG- FELT WANTS": ARTISTIC LICENSE: THE BRIGHT-LIGHT DIFFICULTY.

A "Standing" Difficulty.

No one needs to be told that the narrowness of London's streets, which offer so unfavourable a comparison to those of other European capitals, is the cause of perennially congested traffic, and therefore much loss of time and money to all concerned. A difficulty which is equally chronic, however, but which is only realised by those who directly suffer from its effects, is that of finding standing room for one's car. If the rejoinder is immediately made, "Why not take it to a garage?" the answer is that that would mean a charge of half-a-crown. There may, moreover, be no garage in the vicinity of the place where the motorist wishes to make a stay, say, of an hour; and if he does seek out the nearest garage and leave his car there, he must needs waste time in walking to and fro. Nor is it impossible to conceive a case in which a man may have several calls to make within one day, each of which is too lengthy for him to leave his car by the kerb without incurring the liability of a charge of obstruction. Obviously, it is impossible for him to be running about from garage to garage, for, apart from the expense, he will lose all the advantages of having a car if he has to make repeated journeys afoot. Of course, if the car is driven by a chauffeur, the question is simplified to some extent, as the man can move about while his employer is inside the building. Drivers, however, are getting scarcer every day, while there have always been large numbers of motorists who drive their own car—that being the only way by which they can afford to be motorists at all—and there are also commercial travellers in plenty who do their rounds on cars of the light type.

Wanted—a Motor Restaurant.

Another, if minor, difficulty is referred to in the *Light Car and Cycle-Car*, which calls attention to the case of car-owners who come into town in the evening, and find that it is almost impossible to leave their cars outside a restaurant without interference from the police. The suggestion is therefore put forward that a "motoring restaurant" might be established, and so designed that the ground floor should be used for the temporary accommodation of the cars of those who call to lunch or dine. Such a provision would constitute a very valuable "talking point" to any enterprising hotel proprietor or restaurateur, and motorists would certainly flock to his establishment. Meanwhile, the only motorists who can manage the meal problem are those who are either members of the Royal Automobile Club or the Motor Club, for the former are allowed to leave their cars in St. James's Square, and the latter in Whitcomb Street.

"On Two Wheels."

Why is it that artists who draw pictures of recklessly driven motor-cars, or story-writers who write lurid descriptions of high speed on the road, are still addicted, after two decades or more of motoring, to representing a car as taking a corner on two wheels? One would have thought by now that the virtual impossibility of this feat would have been generally recognised, but I lately noticed the expression "sped round the corner on two wheels" in a monthly magazine. It is, of course, only too imminently possible for the near-side wheels

to leave the ground when a left-hand corner is taken at too fast a pace: incidentally, one may mention that the average artist is addicted to representing the outside wheels as doing the trick. What is almost impossible, nevertheless, is for the car to lift on one side without actually turning over, the dividing line between safety and an actual capsize being nothing if not fine. For my own part, though I have been motoring from the earliest days, I have never seen the wheels of a car leave the road on one side only without disaster, and during the racing period I witnessed nearly all the classic races both at home and abroad. It may happen now and again, of course, that a car tips up without the centre of gravity coming outside the wheel-track, but no driver would care to

attempt the feat voluntarily; whereas the average story-writer or artist seems to think that the driver of a car can heel over in just the same way as a cyclist at a bend, and to regard the performance as more or less normal—which, as Euclid says, is absurd.

To Owners of C.A.V. Lamps.

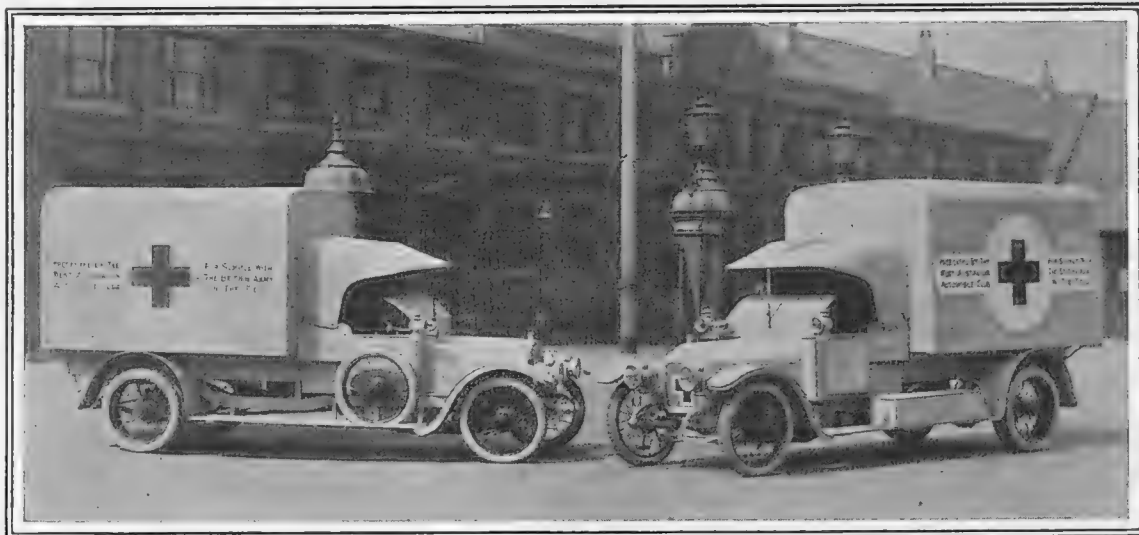
There is no longer any need for owners of C.A.V. electric-lighting equipments to worry as to how to reduce the brightness of their lamps, however much they may protest against the unreasonable degree of illumination which is permissible. The makers have now introduced transparent discs of violet hue, which can be almost instantaneously

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Things New: At the Theatres.

ONE sympathises with Mr. Martin Harvey in his desire to make use of the talent of Mr. Stephen Phillips, and then one sighs over the fact that "Armageddon," like the rest of the plays about this war produced in the West End, is of no serious art value; I ought to except "La Kommandatur," which up to a point was a work of very fine art. To the irreverent the Prologue in Hell of the new play suggested the first scene in a pantomime, with Satan as the Demon King, and would have only needed the appearance of Joan of Arc as the good fairy to complete the resemblance. But, of course, the Miltonic discussion was in admirable, finely written blank verse, such as one hardly finds at Drury Lane. And it was quite excellently delivered by Miss Mary Rorke, Mr. Martin Harvey, and Messrs. Sass and Fisher White. After this, we came to scraps, any one of which could be removed without injury to the amorphous structure, all of which seemed rather like music-hall sketches. Even those who feel most bitterly about the Germans and their infamous conduct are getting a little tired of the pieces in which they are represented as undiluted, crude fiends, without any individuality, or as our old friend and bore, "the villain of melodrama, with an extra dash of gore." However, if one accuses Mr. Phillips of being commonplace in treating the war, he can at least reply that he has failed in company even with Sir James Barrie. After all, there are certain limitations to drama that make it unlikely that any play in which the war is used directly as an apparatus will be adequate. Scraps—for such, in fact, were the four scenes with Prologue and Epilogue—rarely give to the players great opportunities for distinguishing themselves; "Armageddon" is no exception. Excellent team work by a strong company, but there was nothing really remarkable in the acting: that seems to be a pretty fair verdict. By-the-bye, the scene in Hell was quite picturesque, with a very low kind of sky-line, and Satan on an uncomfortable-looking throne, of course in semi-darkness. But the waving of the arms of his host became a little monotonous. It may be objected by the moralist that the picture is not very terrifying; however, probably many people, like myself, are reformed characters because of the idea that the Infernal Regions are going to be overcrowded with Germans, the people to whom the traveller's phrase applies: "Manners they have none, and their customs are beastly."

There was something pathetic about the recent performance of the Pioneer Society which was given in memory of Laurence Irving. His brother, H. B., assisted, and in the house were many friends of the young man who, with his talented wife, Mabel Hackney, died so tragically last year, to the great loss of our theatre. For Laurence Irving was an actor of remarkable ability, whose Iago and acting in "Typhoon" and "The Unwritten Law," as well as other plays, will long be remembered. Moreover, he was a dramatist of great promise, and one felt that when life gave him a quiet opportunity, the rich, rare qualities shown in "Peter the Great" and in "Bonnie Dundee," and other unequal works with passages of great merit, would have been used with very valuable results. The programme chosen hardly did justice to his talent, yet it could hardly have been otherwise without resort to the awkward expedient of giving mere scenes from his dramas. "The Terrorist" is an effective Nihilist play with some freshness, but too purely theatrical to be quite convincing: very clever work was done in it by Miss Hilda Moore and Miss Lynn Fontanne. I believe Miss Ellen Terry, who was present at the Playhouse, has played the part of heroine of "Godefroi and Yolande" in the States. Perhaps, looking at it in cold

blood, she felt that the talented young author—less than thirty when he wrote it—had been over-bold: probably he, if the work had been revised by him in his later years, would not have presented his leprosy-stricken heroine as a callous, wealthy, successful courtesan, thereby rendering Godefroi's pure love for her incredible. However, the work has some beautiful passages, and the scenes towards the close are finely dramatic, if one can accept the proposition upon which they are based. Mr. Ben Webster played the part of Godefroi very finely, and with an admirable air of sincerity; Miss Ruth Mackay acted ably as Yolande, but was somewhat overburdened. A clever performance was given by Mr. Campbell Gale, who represented a weird, malignant doctor. The affair included a charming masque cleverly interpreted by players in beautifully designed costumes. The whole production did great credit to Miss Ailsa Craig.

Quite a pleasant evening at the Criterion, under the new Milton-Rosmer régime. Two plays, during which laughter was almost

continuous, laughter not very loud or boisterous, but entirely agreeable; and when the laughter hushed, sympathetic smiles at passages of pleasant sentiment took its place. "The Hillarys" left incomplete by Stanley Houghton, is not really one of his plays of observation, but the neat, ingenious performance of a skilful playwright, who, having got hold of a new knot—perhaps it would be more correct to say, a novel method of untying an old one—proceeds to put it into practice cleverly. Certainly the audience was well puzzled when it found both uncle and nephew in love with the pretty governess, who is obviously not a designing minx; and the author has found a satisfactory way out of the difficulties: though one feels sorry that the charming Rose leaves herself out in the cold; still, she was clearly the kind of young lady who would find a comfortable home in the long run. The play has been completed by Mr. Harold Brighouse. My three-volume edition of the works of Stanley Houghton does not print the unfinished work, wherefore I cannot estimate the difficulties of the task of Mr. Brighouse: his skill in its accomplishment is undeniable. An excellent performance, noteworthy for charming work as Rose by Miss Irene Rooke, and clever acting on the part of Mr. Milton Rosmer and Mr. Charles King. Also on the pro-

gramme there is a really pretty one-act comedy by Mr. Brighouse, with much of the "Cranfield" flavour in it. Miss Rooke gave an exquisite performance as a fascinating old maid, and Miss Hilda Davies was cleverly amusing in the part of a Manchester "waitress."

The effect is rather queer if you go to the theatre expecting to see a rather serious play, and discover gradually that you have been invited to a farce. The collaboration between Mr. Eden Phillpotts and Mr. MacDonald Hastings seemed unlikely to result in anything utterly frivolous, but it has. Not, of course, a mere imbroglia affair, or a rabbit-warren piece with much banging of many doors; but a farce of character, and to some extent idea, with, nevertheless, some dramatic movement. Thank goodness, there is nothing about the war, for we are "fed up" with trifling plays on the tremendous subject. The authors pretend that "The Angel in the House" is a comedy, but that is only their fun. It is comedy in design, but they wilfully carry eccentricity of character into the merry region of farce. Who cares? Good farce is ten times better—more honourable, too—than mediocre comedy. The piece began a bit heavily. There was too much preparation, too much discussion, obviously mere means to an end—which, after a while, seemed an endless means. Then came the terrible Hyacinth, who ought to become

[Continued overleaf.]



MAKER OF A CONSIDERABLE SUCCESS AS "THE CINEMA STAR,"
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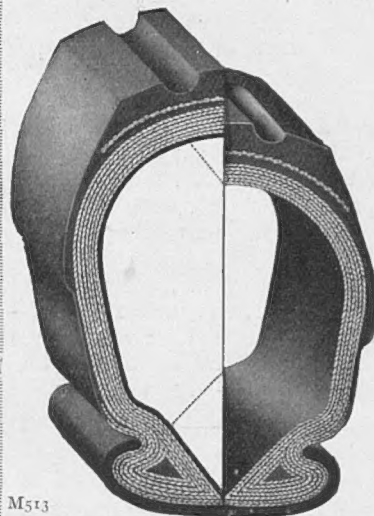
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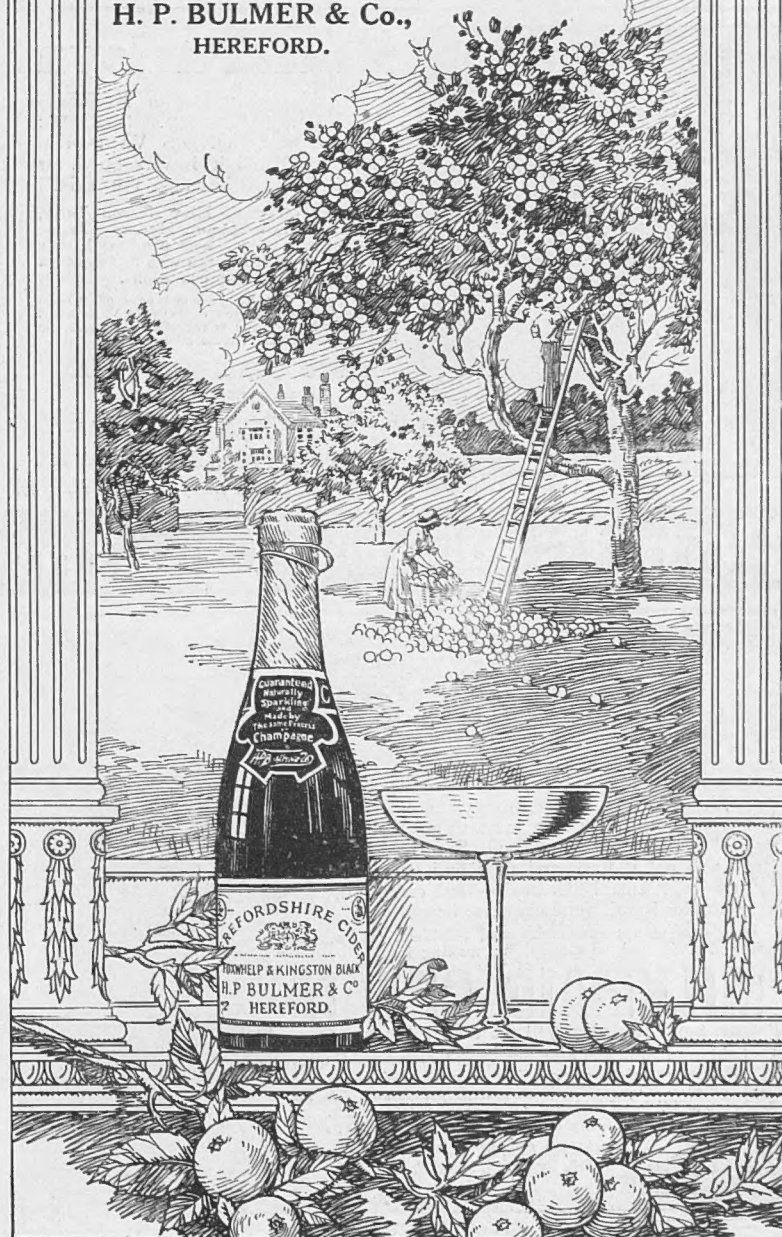
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Continued.

popular in London, though in real life he would be an awful bore. The fellow was full of fads and whims, has adopted all the cranky ideas of Futurist, Post-Impressionist, Cubist, Eugenist, and no doubt another dozen or so of the "ists"—worse still, he is an officious dogmatist who crammed his ideas and practical ways of living upon his unfortunate host and pretty daughters, took down the pictures, altered the meal-times, and even cut the pretty trees into ugly shapes with huge clippers. We were all delighted when, in the end, he was caught by a designing widow, who doubtless clipped his wings. The play is a capital piece of fun with a nice background of satire, and we all laughed hugely after the early part of the first act. Mr. H. B. Irving enjoyed the character of Hyacinth almost as much as we did, and played him with rich, comic gravity. Lady Tree was really entertaining as the widow; and Mr. Holman Clark gave a very agreeable picture of an amiable, weak-minded old gentleman. Miss Vera Coburn and Miss Mary Glynne were the two really pretty girls needed to round off the affair.

Nobody made a more welcome appearance in the Birthday List than Sir Francis Bertie, British Ambassador in Paris for the past ten years—a decade of Entente and Alliance. Sir Francis skipped the usual stages that lead to the most coveted post in diplomacy. From the Foreign Office he went straight to Rome as full-fledged Ambassador, and two years later to Paris. The manner of the first appointment is told as follows: Mr. Balfour, during his Premiership, was doubtful about a suitable man to fill the Roman vacancy. He consulted Sir Francis, then in the Foreign Office, and that gentleman, while failing to name a candidate, rattled off the qualifications he considered necessary for the post. "Then you are the very man," said Mr. Balfour. Had his appointment come earlier, Sir Francis's wife would have been the ideal Ambassadors. He married Lady Feodorowna before he had any thought of the Diplomatic Service or the Paris Embassy. Her husband's senior by a few years, she was herself the daughter of a former Ambassador in the French capital. She knew Paris as a girl, and we catch a glimpse of her, long ago, in the "Life" of Princess Mary Adelaide, Duchess of Teck: "Started by rail for Chantilly. At St. Leu Lord Cowley met us with a brake, he himself riding. We found in the Parc Lady Cowley and her two daughters—Feodore and Sophie.

A charming expedition, for Lord Cowley was most amusing." Lady Feodorowna hardly likes to count the years since that was written.

Presiding over the annual general meeting of the "Sanitas" Company on May 26, the Chairman (Mr. C. T. Kingzett, F.I.C., F.C.S.) congratulated shareholders upon a record year's trade and the maintenance of the dividend of $7\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. per annum that has been paid for many years. Notwithstanding the war, the turnover and profit were larger than in any previous year. The money contributions and gifts of "Sanitas" antiseptics and disinfectants made by the Company to the war funds were heartily approved, as was also the announcement that a general increase in wages of the factory hands had been made to compensate for the higher cost of living. Mr. Kingzett emphasised the importance of increased study of chemistry, and its greater application to the arts and industries of the country.

We have pleasure in responding to the request of Lady Roberts that we should give the address to which field-glasses for officers on service should be sent. It is the National Service League, 72, Victoria Street, S.W., the secretary of which valuable organisation, after a courteous appreciation of Mr. Frank Reynolds's "brilliant drawing" in our issue of May 26, tells us that the League has already dealt with over 20,000 glasses, and will be grateful for any more which may be sent by our readers. The work was begun by the late Earl Roberts, and Lady Roberts has repeated his appeal, knowing well the extreme usefulness of field-glasses at the front.

The voluntary hospitals have played a useful part in relation to the war, and the public will welcome the opportunity afforded by Hospital Sunday, June 13, of contributing to a fund which helps 270 hospitals and medical charities, providing 10 per cent. of their charitable income. A large number of beds are now occupied by wounded soldiers and sailors, and the part played by the hospitals in placing everything that is best in surgery, medicine, and nursing at the disposal of thousands of the brave men who have returned grievously wounded is striking evidence of the value of the voluntary system. Support of the Hospital Sunday Fund should appeal to everyone in these unprecedented days of a world-wide war.



[Photo by Campbell Gray, Ltd.]

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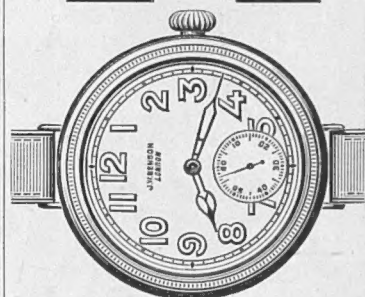
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